A

# COLLECTION

OF

# HYMNS

FOR

# *SOCIAL WORSHIP,*

More particularly designed for the Use of the

TABERNACLE and CHAPEL CONGREGATIONS

By GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

Late of Pembroke College, Oxford,
and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Countess of Huntingdon.

*Corrected and enlarged,*

WITH SOME ORIGINAL HYMNS,

A NEW TABLE OF CONTENTS,

and

A SKETCH OF Mr. WHITEFIELD's LIFE.

*By M. WILKS.*

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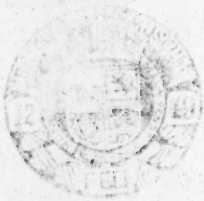

# MEMOIRS

OF THE

# *Rev. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.*

*Addreſſed to thoſe young perſons who uſe the following Collection of Hymns, and who, through grace, ſing with the Spirit and with the underſtanding.*

My dear young Friends,

SELDOM has the biographic page preſented a life ſo diſtinguiſhed and eminent as that of Mr. Whitefield. Seven and twenty years having elapſed ſince his death, it is impoſſible that you could have enjoyed the opportunity of liſtening to the perſuaſive and powerful diſcourſes that fell from his lips; but you have heard his good report, you revere his memory, and will, I am perſuaded, be gratified by the following conciſe account of this excellent man.

Several of his anceſtors were gentlemen of independent fortunes; and others of them ranked among the beneficed clergy of the Eſtabliſhed Church: but *he* was the ſeventh, and youngeſt child, of Mr. Thomas Whitefield, an Inn-keeper, at Glouceſter, who died when this his ſon was only two years old.

Mr. Whitefield was born the 16th of December 1714, and, at a proper age, was placed at the public grammar-ſchool in his native city, where he made conſiderable proficiency in the Latin Claſſics. The early appearance of a ſprightly genius, and the uncommon eloquence of the ſpeeches which he

delivered at the annual viſitations of the ſchool, gained him great applauſe.

While at this ſeminary of inſtruction, his mind was frequently impreſſed with a lively ſenſe of the fear of God, which led him to the exerciſe of many religious duties; but the hopes excited by theſe flattering appearances were often diſappointed by relapſes into youthful indiſcretions.

Mercifully for him, at about the age of ſixteen it pleaſed God, by his Holy Spirit, to revive former impreſſions; and by working a gracious change in his diſpoſition, to direct his extraordinary talents to a work which proved beneficial to the ſouls of thouſands. From this period, his character was decided; and, leaving his companions in folly, he became ſerious, devout, and exemplary.

Above all things he now deſired to be engaged in the goſpel miniſtry, and therefore employed himſelf in ſtudies which were favourable to that deſign. At ſeventeen, he received the ſacrament; and at eighteen was ſent to Oxford. Few ever entered the Univerſity with a greater degree of ſerioufneſs, though little of it flowed from that faith which brings peace and joy. Harraſſed by inward corruptions, he was reſolved, by faſting and other bodily auſterities, entirely to mortify them all, that he might be the better qualified to ſerve God without diſtraction. But alas! this experiment nearly coſt him his life; and left him as remote from the object of his wiſhes as at firſt. His knowledge of ſalvation by the righteouſneſs of Chriſt, and of the abſolute neceſſity of divine influences, was, at that time, extremely ſuperficial.

but he ſoon received conſiderable aſſiſtance upon theſe, and ſome other truths of the goſpel, by reading a puritannical author, and by converſing with Mr. Charles Weſley, and other pious ſtudents.

He began his extraordinary career, while an under Graduate at College, by viſiting the priſoners, praying with the ſick, and inſtructing the poor. Theſe exerciſes were rendered uſeful to his own ſoul, and, in ſome meaſure prepared him to ſtand before large aſſemblies.

Good Biſhop Benſon, delighted with his piety and zeal, offered him Holy Orders when only twenty-one years of age; which at the earneſt requeſt of his friends, he accepted; and, after faſting and prayer, was ordained on the 30th of June 1736.

His firſt ſermon was delivered to a crowded auditory in the church where he had been baptized; and had alſo received the ſacrament. Here he obtained mercy to be faithful; and God by his Spirit, gave teſtimony to the word of his grace, in the converſion of ſeveral perſons. To ſuch an evangelical, pointed, and animated addreſs, his fellow pariſhioners had long been unaccuſtomed. A few appeared diſpoſed to treat it with ridicule; but a ſerious attention pervaded the greater part of the congregation. In the courſe of the week, complaint was made to the Biſhop, that Mr. Whitefield had driven fifteen of his hearers mad by this diſcourſe. The good prelate replied, "That he "wiſhed the madneſs might continue till the next "Sunday."

Shortly after, he was called to London, where he officiated in the Tower two months, and alſo preached to large and affected auditories in ſeveral

churches. The firſt ſermon he delivered in the metropolis was in Biſhopgate church. Having a remarkably young look, ſome of the people exhibited a ſmile of contempt, as he aſcended the pulpit; but he had not proceeded far in his addreſs before their ſneers were changed into ſmiles of approbation.

The ſame year he ſpent two months at Dummer, in Hampſhire, and afterwards viſited Gloceſterſhire, where he preached in many churches with aſtoniſhing ſucceſs. Several lucrative offers were ſoon made to him, all of which he declined, having received a preſſing invitation from the Rev. John Weſley, then in Georgia, to aſſiſt him in that diſtreſſed colony. Accordingly, after having preached in London, Briſtol, Bath, Glouceſter, and other places, to immenſe crowds, he embarked for America, in December 1738, leaving thouſands drowned in tears at his departure.

The ſhip in which he ſailed, full of profane officers and ſoldiers, from a *Luz*, ſoon became a *Bethel*. The cards and impure tracts were thrown into the ſea, and replaced with Bibles and devotional books. Of the remarkable diſplays of divine grace on the officers, the crew, and paſſengers, during this voyage, Mr. Whitefield frequently makes mention, many years after, with peculiar gratitude and pleaſure.

On his arrival at Savannah, he was gladly received by a few ſerious friends, the fruits of Mr. Weſley's miniſtry; and was treated with great reſpect by the higher orders of the people. During his reſidence there, his active mind began to revolve upon ſome plan for improving that miſerable

colony; and it appearing to him, that the erection of an *Orphan Houſe* would be a likely means to promote ſuch a deſirable object, he began to take meaſures for carrying it into immediate effect. After a ſhort ſtay, he re-embarked for England, leaving behind him ſome ſeals to his miniſtry, both in South Carolina, and in Georgia.

No ſooner was his return announced, than multitudes preſſed to hear him; and his popularity continually increaſed. Hitherto he had glided down the ſtream of general applauſe, without oppoſition; but the ſervant muſt not always be above his Lord. The carnal clergy becoming jealous, began to deny him the uſe of their pulpits; but the ſacred fire of divine love that glowed in his ſoul, could neither be quenched nor confined. Nothing intimidated by their refuſal, he reſolved to change the ſcene of action; and therefore betook himſelf to field-preaching. This was a novelty; but it was neceſſary in its nature, and providential in its effects: for the churches could not hold one-third of the people who preſſed to hear him; and when he preached at Moorfields, Blackheath, Kennington Common, and other places, his auditories frequently conſiſted of near thirty thouſand ſouls.

The clergy, not ſatisfied with having excluded him from their churches, now excited againſt him perſecutions of various kinds; but he found in the preſence and bleſſing of his divine Maſter thoſe ſources of conſolation, which urged him forward without fear or intermiſſion; and ſo numerous were his engagements in preaching, writing, and converſing with perſons under diſtreſs of ſoul, that he had ſcarcely leiſure for meals and ſleep.

During this year he took an excurſion through ſeveral counties, and the power of God every where accompanied his labours. He alſo viſited Bath, Briſtol, and other towns, and was much refreſhed in ſeeing the effects of his former miniſtrations. While at Briſtol, contrary to the advice of his friends, he went to Kingſwood, a large colliery, through which a ſtranger durſt ſcarcely paſs in the day time for fear of the groſſeſt inſults. Knowing that grace could change lions into lambs, he boldly ventured himſelf among thoſe ſons of violence, and the Lord wrought wonders. The wilderneſs ſoon bloſſomed; and inſtead of outrage and diſcord, the voice of the turtle was heard in the land. Ever ſince that period, no colliery has equalled Kingſwood in civility and genuine chriſtianity.

Having collected above a thouſand pounds, he embarked in November 1739, a ſecond time for America; and landing at Philadelphia, preached to attentive multitudes, in his way to Georgia, with the ſame divine unction and ſucceſs as had accompanied the word in his native country.

In March following, he laid the foundation of his intended *Orphan Houſe*, which he named *Bethefda*; or, *The Houſe of Mercy*. To many it proved a houſe of mercy indeed; but to himſelf, a ſource of almoſt perpetual care and anxiety; and had he not been perſuaded that it was a principal part of his charge, a family given him of God, the difficulties in which it involved him would have overwhelmed his ſpirits. Thirteen times he croſſed the Atlantic for its benefit, and expended fourteen thouſand pounds for its ſupport; eleven thouſand of which was contributed by a generous public,

Here the over-ruling providence of God, by theſe means enlarging the ſphere of his uſefulneſs, cannot be ſufficiently admired. Preſſed by the urgent calls of theſe beloved Orphans, he was induced to take the range of Great Britain and America to obtain aſſiſtance; and wherever he went, the power of the Holy Ghoſt attended his labours; ſo that thouſands in both hemiſpheres, were ſavingly converted to God.

In March, 1741. he returned to London; and Mr. Weſley having renounced connection with him, on account of his Calviniſtic ſentiments, he erected a temporary ſhed to accommodate his hearers in the winter; for which reaſon he called it a *Tabernacle*.

In the ſame year he viſited Scotland, where his miniſtry was attended with uncommon energy and ſucceſs. On his return through Wales, he married Mrs. James, a pious widow lady of Abergavenny. By her he had an only ſon, of whom he indulged ſome extravagant hopes concerning his future uſefulneſs in the Church of Chriſt; but by the death of the child, when only four months old, he was led to acknowledge the folly of attending to impreſſions not founded on the word of God.

From this period to the cloſe of the year 1752, he was fully employed in itinerating in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and America; ſometimes at the hazard of his life from perſecution, and often brought to the borders of the grave, by inceſſant labour and fatigue. Being once very ill in America, he was laid upon a bed on the ground, near the fire, and heard his friends ſay, "He is "gone;" But God was pleaſed to recover him; on

which a poor negro-woman, looking earneſtly in his face, ſaid, in her broken language: "Maſter, "you juſt go to heaven's gate, but Jeſus Chriſt "ſay, get you down, get you down; you muſt "not come here yet; but firſt go and call ſome "more poor negroes."

In the year 1753, he founded the preſent Tabernacles in London and Briſtol; and in the year 1756, after much oppoſition in Long-Acre, erected the chapel in Tottenham-court-road; which ſoon proving too ſmall, was conſiderably enlarged.

The next year he viſited Scotland and Ireland; and when at Dublin, was cruelly ſtoned by a Popiſh rabble, and would certainly have been murdered, had not a kind miniſter opened his door to ſhelter him. His wounds having been waſhed, a coach was procured, and amidſt the oaths and imprecations of the blood-thirſty mob, he got ſafe home and joined his friends in ſinging a hymn of thankſgiving; "leaving," ſaid he, "my perſecutors to the mercy of him, who of perſecutors has often made preachers. I pray God, I may be thus avenged on them."

Not long after, he underwent a new kind of perſecution, being ridiculed on the ſtage, in a very blaſphemous Farce, called the Minor, written by Mr. Foote, the comic actor. The deſign of this piece was to injure his character, and thus to drive him from the neighbourhood of the Theatres; but the attempt miſcarried; for the circumſtance excited the curioſity of great numbers to hear a man who was held up to ſuch public ridicule, and the effect was, that many of all ranks were ſavingly brought to God. Thus the wrath of man was made to praiſe the Redeemer!

About the year 1762, being greatly debilitated by inceſſant labour, he made a voyage to Holland for the recovery of his health. Here he exhibited ſuch abilities and zeal as aſtoniſhed all who heard him, and was rendered inſtrumental to the converſion of many ſouls.

In Auguſt, 1768, Mrs. Whitefield died; and he had the fortitude to preach her funeral ſermon; in which he expreſſed a hope that, from the ſtate of his health, having recently burſt a blood veſſel, he ſhould ſhortly be with her in glory.

The next year he embarked the laſt time for his beloved America, where he continued to labour with growing reputation and ſucceſs till Sunday the 30th of September, 1770, when he was ſuddenly called to receive the crown of life from the hands of his divine Maſter, whoſe goſpel he had faithfully diſpenſed five and thirty years. On the preceding noon he had preached out of doors to a numerous congregation, and afterward rode to the houſe of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Parſons, of Newbury-Port, near Boſton in whom he was to have preached the next day. In the night he was ſeized with a violent fit of the aſthma. At every interval of eaſe he recommended his friends, on both ſides of the Atlantic, to the protection and grace of God; and about ſix o'clock in the morning fell aſleep in Jeſus, in the 56th year of his age.

Individuals, as well as congregations, were now very anxious that the duſt of a miniſter whom they highly valued, ſhould lie near them. Mr. Sherburne, of Boſton, offered to bear the whole ex-

pence of the funeral, and to inter his remains in his own family vault. The ſame evening, a deputation from Boſton waited upon Mr. Parſons, requeſting that they might be carried to that town; but he, equally regarding his memory, rather choſe to depoſit them in a tomb under his own pulpit.

The funeral was ſolemn and affecting: all the bells in the town were tolled: and all the veſſels in the port diſplayed the ſignals uſed on mourning occaſions. Numerous funeral ſermons were preached throughout America; and the congregations to whom he had miniſtered the word of life, vied with each other, in tokens of reſpect to his memory.

On November 5th, the melancholy intelligence of his deceaſe reached his native country; and was felt like an electrical ſhock throughout the kingdom. The Rev. John Weſley, according to an engagement which he had entered into with the deceaſed, preached the funeral ſermons to his afflicted congregations in London; and miniſters of every denomination in England, Scotland, and Wales, gave public teſtimony, in their diſcourſes, of their high eſteem for his character, and of their unfeigned grief for the loſs which the church of Chriſt had ſuſtained by his death; and even the tongue of ſlander was conſtrained to unite in the general commendation.

Mr. Whitefield was rather above the middle ſize, and latterly corpulent; his countenance was fair, his dreſs neat, and his whole appearance graceful and majeſtic. No man, with a caſt in one of his eyes, ſtrongly marked, ever looked with greater ſenſibility. His voice was ſhrill as the martial trumpet, ſymphonious as a well tuned inſtrument; and

his mode of addreſs, graced with all the charms of natural oratory. He poſſeſſed an entire control over the paſſions of his auditories, and ever appeared to participate with them, in the impreſſions made by his own diſcourſes. His ſentiments were conformable to the doctrinal articles of the Eſtabliſhed Church. In diſcipline, he preferred Epiſcopacy; but profeſſed the greateſt liberality and affection towards Evangelical Diſſenters; with whom he maintained the moſt friendly intercourſe all his days. In preaching, his ſubjects were generally ſuch as met the miſeries of a ruined ſinner, and exalted the grace of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. In illuſtrating and applying his doctrines, his talent was truly admirable and original. In literary attainments he was not defective; but his acquaintance with men and things were ſcarcely equalled. A cheerful and pious diſpoſition, with an inexhauſtible fund of anecdote, in the application of which he poſſeſſed a peculiar talent, rendered his converſation edifying and enlivening.

No miniſter ever experienced more fully, the extremes of ſlander and commendation; or ſupported both with greater fortitude. That of doing good, was the only object he had in view, and this ſo much engroſſed his concern, as to outweigh every conſideration of perſonal eaſe or ſafety; and to urge him forward with increaſing ardour, through evil and good report, to promote the intereſts of the Redeemer's kingdom. Like the angel in the Revelations, he flew thro' the midſt of heaven, with the everlaſting goſpel; neither could jealouſy clip his wings, nor envy obſcure his luſtre; neither perils

nor preſecutions, could abate his zeal, nor quench his love for immortal ſouls.

Since the firſt ages of chriſtianity, no man ever travelled more miles, or preached more frequently, in the courſe of five and thirty years. The collections he made for public charities were unexampled; and the number of converts no leſs extraordinary. To him, under God, does the chriſtian church owe much of its preſent glory; for he was the inſtrument of kindling a flame on the altars of Zion, which has increaſed in ſtrength, and luſtre, to the preſent day. May it continue to burn, unquenchably, like the ſacred fire of the Hebrew temple.

The above account is given, not only as a tribute of reſpect to Mr. Whitefield, but as a ſtimulus to our exertions. His labours were prodigious, and his glory is, no doubt, proportionate: let us follow him, as he followed Chriſt, and in due time we ſhall reap, if we faint not

Jan. 2, 1798. M. WILKS.

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RAISE your triumphant ſongs
Rejoice, the Lord is King
Riſe, my ſoul, adore thy Maker
Riſe, my ſoul, and ſtretch thy wings
Riſe, our ſouls, to praiſe the care
Riſe, ye ſeed of David, riſe

SALVATION, the joyful ſound
Saviour, canſt thou love a traitor
Saviour, King, aſſume thy power
Saviour of the world, attend
See a poor ſinner, deareſt Lord
See, my ſoul, with wonder ſee
Shout to the Lord, and let our joys
Since all the downward tracks of time
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name
Sing we to our God above
Sinners, obey the goſpel word
Soldiers of Chriſt ariſe
Son of God, thy bleſſing grant
Source of light and power divine
Sure thy name is wonderful
Sweet is the work, O God, our King
Sweet the moments, rich in bleſſing

TAKE my poor heart, juſt as it is
Teach me the meaſure of my days
Tell us, O women, we would know
Thanks be to God, whoſe faithful love
Thee we adore, eternal name
The God of Abraham praiſe
The King of Glory ſends his Son
The Lord of earth and ſky
The Lord ſupplies his peoples need
The Lord the ſovereign King
There is a land of pure delight
There is a fountain fill'd with blood

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When ſhall my frozen heart revive
When languor and diſeaſe invade
When I can read my title clear
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Who hath our report believed
Why do we mourn departing friends
Why ſhould the children of a king
Why was unbelieving I
With fiery ſerpents greatly pain'd
With joy we meditate the grace
With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue
Worthy is Chriſt our paſchal Lamb

YE children of my God
Ye ſeekers of God
Ye ſaints begin a cheerful ſong
Ye ſerious ſouls, draw near
Ye ſervants of God
Ye that paſs by, behold the man

ZION's a garden wall'd around

# HYMNS
FOR
# *PUBLIC WORSHIP.*

## HYMN I.

*The Spirit's Influence implored.*

NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Deſcending from above,
His waiting family inſpire
With joy, and peace, and love.

How wretched do our ſouls appear,
If thou refuſe to bleſs!
We ſeem to utter heartleſs prayer,
And offer vain addreſs.

Wake, heavenly wind, ariſe and come,
Blow on the drooping field,
Our ſpices then ſhall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incenſe yield.

Touch, with a living coal, the lip,
That ſhall proclaim thy word;
And bid each awful hearer keep,
Attention to the Lord.

Then ſhall we prove thy worſhip ſweet,
And love thy ſacred courts;
Where ſaints in bleſt communion meet,
And God, *our* God reſorts.

## II. *The Preſence of Chriſt implored.*

FAR from our thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let our religious hours alone:
O may our eyes our Saviour ſee!
We wait a viſit, Lord, from thee.

O warm our hearts with holy fire!
And kindle there a pure deſire;
Come, our dear Jeſus, from above,
And feed our ſouls with heavenly love.

Bleſt Jeſus, what delicious fare!
How ſweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taſte above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories ſhine:
Thou brighteſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt one,
That eyes have ſeen, or angels known!

## III. *Importunity.*

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our ſuit diſdain;
Shall we ſeek thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, on thee, our ſouls depend,
In compaſſion now deſcend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to ſing thy praiſe.

In thine own appointed way,
Now we ſeek thee; here we ſtay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a bleſſing thou beſtow:
Send ſome meſſage from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart,
Full ſalvation to each heart.

Comfort thoſe who weep and mourn,
Bid the time of joy return;
Thoſe that are caſt down lift up,
Make them ſtrong in faith and hope;
Grant that thoſe who ſeek, may find,
Thee a God ſupremely kind;
Heal the ſick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

IV. *Incomparable Beauties of Chriſt.*

COME, worſhip at Immanuel's feet;
See in his face what wonders meet;
Words are too feeble to expreſs,
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

When ſhall we climb thoſe higher ſkies,
Where ſtorms and tempeſts never riſe;
Where he unveils his lovely face,
And ſhines, and reigns the God of grace?

Nor earth, nor air, nor ſun, nor ſtars,
Nor heaven, his full reſemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

V. *The Goſpel invites the Miſerable.*

HITHER ye poor, ye ſick, ye blind,
A ſin-diſorder'd, trembling throng,
To you the goſpel calls—to you,
Meſſiah's bleſſings all belong.

Reaſon's and virtue's boaſting ſons,
Derive no bleſſings from this tree:
For ſinners only Jeſus dy'd;
Then ſure I hear he dy'd for me.

'Twas with our griefs Meſſiah groan'd;
'Twas with our guilt his ſoul was try'd;
Our puniſhment he took, he bore;
And ſinners liv'd when Jeſus dy'd.

Awake each heart, ariſe each ſoul,
And join the bliſsful choirs above:
May nothing tune our future ſong,
But heavenly wiſdom, heavenly love.

VI. *Invitation to the Goſpel Supper.*

SINNERS, obey the goſpel word,
Haſte to the ſupper of your Lord:
Be wiſe to know your glorious day,
All things are ready—come away.

Ready the Father is to own,
And kiſs his late returning ſon;
Ready the loving Saviour ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding hands.

Ready the Spirit of his love,
Juſt now the ſtoney heart to move;
T'apply, and witneſs with the blood,
And waſh, and ſeal you ſons of God.

Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your bleſt eſtate:
Tuning their harps, they long to praiſe,
The wonders of redeeming grace.

Come then, ye ſinners, to your Lord,
To happineſs in Chriſt reſtor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
And live the ſubjects of his grace.

## VII. *The rich Proviſion of the Goſpel.*

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the goſpel ſounds,
With an inviting voice.

Ho! all ye hungry ſtarving ſouls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly ſtrive with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind.

Eternal wiſdom hath prepar'd,
A ſoul reviving feaſt;
And bids your longing appetites,
The rich proviſion taſte.

Ho! ye that pant for living ſtreams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench you raging thirſt,
With ſprings that never dry.

Dear Lord, the treaſures of thy love,
Are everlaſting mines;
Deep as our helpleſs miſeries are,
And boundleſs as our ſins!

The happy gates of goſpel grace,
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to ſeek ſupplies,
And drive our wants away.

## VIII. *God's common and ſpecial Favours.*

BLESS, O my ſoul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within thee join,
In work and worſhip ſo divine.

Bleſs, O my ſoul, the God of grace,
His favours claim thy higheſt praiſe:
Why ſhould the wonders he hath wrought,
Be loſt in ſilence and forgot?

'Tis he, my ſoul, that ſent his Son,
To die for crimes, which thou haſt done;
He owns the ranſom, and forgives,
The hourly follies of our lives.

Our youth decay'd, his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:

He ſatisfies our mouths with good,
And feeds our hopes with heavenly food.

Let the whole earth his power confeſs;
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew ſhall join,
In work and work and worſhip ſo divine.

## IX. *The tender Compaſſions of God.*

MY ſoul, repeat his praiſe,
Whoſe mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

High as the heavens are rais'd,
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace,
Our higheſt thoughts exceed.

The pity of the Lord,
To thoſe that fear his name,
Is ſuch as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the graſs,
Or like the morning flower;
If one ſharp blaſt ſweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But thy compaſſions, Lord,
To endleſs years endure;
And children's children ever find,
Thy word of promiſe ſure.

## X. *God our Shepherd.*

THE Lord ſupplies his people's need,
Jehovah is his name;
In paſtures freſh he makes them feed,
Beſide the living ſtream.

He brings their wand'ring ſpirits back,
When they forſake his ways;
And leads them for his mercy's ſake,
In paths of truth and grace.

When they walk thro' the ſhades of death,
His preſence is their ſtay;
A word of his ſupporting breath,
Drives all their fears away.

His hand, in ſight of all their foes,
Doth ſtill their table ſpread;
Their cup with bleſſings overflows,
His oil anoints their head.

The ſure proviſions of our God,
Attend us all our days;
O may his houſe be our abode,
And all our work his praiſe.

## XI. *Morning.*

O LORD, how many are our foes,
In this weak ſtate of fleſh and blood;
Our peace they daily diſcompoſe,
But our defence and hope, is God.

Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee we rais'd an evening cry;
Thou heard'ſt when we began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

Supported by thine heavenly aid,
We laid us down and ſlept ſecure;
Nor death ſhould make our hearts afraid,
Though we ſhould ſleep and riſe no more.

But God ſuſtain'd us all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd our heads to ſee the light,
And he ſhall have our morning ſong.

## XII. *Morning.*

RISE, our ſouls, to praiſe the care,
Of Jeſus true and good;
Sing to him whoſe robes appear,
As newly dipt in blood:
By his power we live to ſee,
The dawnings of another day;
Farther favour'd may we be,
When here no more we ſtay.

O may we in righteouſneſs,
In Jeſu's arms awake;
And the joys that ſaints poſſeſs,
With them ere long partake:
With our common Father ſit,
And in his heavenly kingdom praiſe,
(Bowing down before his feet)
The riches of his grace.

## XIII. *Morning.*

COME, let us adore,
The Lord's gracious hand:
Upheld by his power,
Securely we ſtand;
He charged his angels,
To watch round our bed;
To guard us from evils,
From dangers and dread.

Our Shepherd alone,
The Lord let us bleſs;
Who reigns on his throne,
The Prince of our peace;
Who evermore ſaves us,
By ſhedding his blood;
All hail, holy Jeſus,
Our Lord and our God!

We daily will ſing,
Thy merits, thy praiſe;
Thou merciful ſpring,
Of pity and grace;
Thy kindneſs for ever;
To men we will tell;
And ſay, our dear Saviour,
Redeems us from hell.

Preſerve us in love,
While here we abide;
Nor ever remove,
Nor cover, nor hide,

Thy glorious ſalvation,
Till joyful we ſee,
The beautiful viſion,
Completed in thee.

XIV. *Chriſt our Light.*

CHRIST, whoſe glory fills the ſkies,
Chriſt, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteouſneſs ariſe,
Triumph o'er the ſhades of night;
Day-ſpring from on high, be near,
Day-ſtar in our hearts appear.

Dark and cheerleſs is the morn,
Unaccompany'd by thee;
Joyleſs is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams we ſee;
Lord, thine inward light impart,
Cheering each benighted heart.

Viſit every ſoul of thine,
Pierce the gloom of ſin and grief;
Fill with radiancy divine,
Scatter all our unbelief;
More and more thyſelf diſplay,
Shining to the perfect day.

XV. *Evening.*

THE Saviour who kept us to-day,
The Lamb who took our ſins away,
Our thankful ſouls ſhall bleſs;
Thou worthy art, O Son of God,
Of endleſs praiſe; for in thy blood,
Saints ſweetly reſt in peace.

We lay us down, and thou, our Lord,
With all thy angels us wilt guard;
Our ſouls to thee we truſt;
Thou ſhalt (for thou art able) keep,
Our ſouls among the fellowſhip
Of ſaints, through thee made juſt.

## XVI. *Evening.*

NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let incenſe flames ariſe;
Aſſiſt us, Lord, to offer up,
Our evening ſacrifice.

Awake, our love, awake, our joy!
Awake, our heart and tongue;
Sleep not—when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a ſong.

Minutes and mercies multiply'd,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were,
More fleet and free than they.

New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new ſong require;
Till we ſhall praiſe thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' deſire.

Lord of our time, whoſe hand hath ſet,
New time upon our ſcore,
Thee may we praiſe for all our time,
When time ſhall be no more.

## XVII. *Morning or Evening.*

O GOD, how endleſs is thy love,
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently diſtil like early dew.

Thou ſpread'ſt the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our ſleeping hours;
Thy ſovereign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all our drowſy powers.

We yield our powers to thy command,
To thee we conſecrate our days;
Perpetual bleſſings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

## XVIII. *Lord's Day.*

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround the throne.

To-day Chriſt roſe, and left the dead,
And ſatan's empire fell;
To-day the ſaints his triumphs ſpread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hoſanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; deſcend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

Hoſanna, in the higheſt ſtrains,
The church on earth can raiſe;
The higheſt heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praiſe.

## XIX. *The Lord's Day deſirable.*

WELCOME ſweet day of reſt,
That ſaw the Lord ariſe;
Welcome to this reviving breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing eyes.

The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his ſaints to-day;
Here we may ſit, and ſee him here,
And love, and praiſe, and pray.

One day amidſt the place,
Where our dear God hath been,
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days,
Of pleaſurable ſin.

O may we ever ſtay,
In ſuch a frame as this;
And ſweetly ſing our ſouls away,
To everlaſting bliſs!

## XX. *The Work of the Lord's Day pleaſant.*

SWEET is the work, O God, our King,
To praiſe thy name, give thanks and ſing,
To ſhew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

Sweet is the day of ſacred reſt,
No mortal care ſhould ſeize our breaſt;
O may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of ſolemn ſound.

Our hearts ſhall triumph in thee, Lord,
And bleſs thy work, and bleſs thy word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy counſels, how divine!

O may we ſee, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below;
May all our powers find ſweet employ,
In thine eternal world of joy.

## XXI. *Longing for the Houſe of God.*

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are;

To his abode, | With warm deſire,
My ſoul aſpire, | To ſee thy God.

O happy ſouls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men that pay,
Their conſtant ſervice there;

They praiſe Chriſt ſtill, | Who love the way,
And happy they, | To Zion's hill.

They go from ſtrength to ſtrength,
Through this dark vale of tears;
'Till each arrive at length,
'Till each in heaven appears;
O glorious ſeat; | Us thither bring,
Our God and King, | To kiſs thy feet.

The Lord his people loves.
His hand no good with-holds,
From thoſe his heart approves,
From praying humble ſouls;
Thrice happy he, | Whoſe ſpirit truſts,
O God of hoſts, | Alone in thee!

## XXII. *Amiableneſs of God's Houſe.*

HOW pleaſant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hoſts, thy dwellings are;
The new-born ſoul both longs and faints
To meet th' aſſemblies of thy ſaints.

Bleſt are the ſouls that find a place,
Within the temples of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And ſeek thy face, and learn thy praiſe.

Bleſt are the men whoſe hearts are ſet,
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their ſtrength, and thro' the road,
They lean upon upon their helper, God.

O may we walk with growing ſtrength,
'Till we all meet in heaven at length;
'Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worſhip there.

XXIII. *Chriſt a Redeemer, Prophet, Prieſt, King.*

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wiſdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean, | Too mean to ſet,
To ſpeak his worth; | Our Saviour forth.

But, O what gentle terms,
What condeſcending ways,
Doth our *Redeemer* uſe,
To teach his heavenly grace!
My ſoul, with joy, | What forms of love,
And wonder ſee, | He bears for thee!

Great *Prophet* of our God,
Our tongues would bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful news,
Of our ſalvation came;
The joyful news, | Of hell ſubdu'd,
Of ſins forgiven, | And peace with heaven.

Jeſus our great *High Prieſt*,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
Thou guilty ſinner ſeek,
No ſacrifice beſide;

His pow'rful blood, | And now it pleads,
Did once atone, | Before the throne.

Thou dear almighty Lord,
Our conqu'ror, and our *King*,
Thy ſceptre, and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace we ſing;
Thine is the power; | In willing bonds,
O may we ſit, | Beneath thy feet.

## XXIV.

*Chriſt our Counſellor, Shepherd, Surety, Advocate, and Captain.*

ARRAY'D in mortal fleſh,
Our lovely Jeſus ſtands,
And holds the promiſes,
And pardons in his hands;
Commiſſion'd from | To make his grace
His Father's throne, | To mortals known.

Be thou our *Counſellor*,
Our pattern, and our guide;
And through this deſert land,
Still keep us near thy ſide;
O let our feet, | Nor rove, nor ſeek,
Ne'er run aſtray, | The crooked way.

We'd hear our *Shepherd*'s voice,
Whoſe watchful eye doth keep,
Poor wand'ring ſouls, among
The thouſands of his ſheep;
He feeds is flock; | His boſom bears,
He calls their names; | The tender lambs.

To this dear *Surety*'s hands,
My ſoul commend thy cauſe;
He anſwers and fulfils,
His Father's broken laws;
Believing ſouls, | For Chriſt hath paid
Now free are ſet; | Their dreadful debt.

Their *Advocate* appears,
For their defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by;
Not all that hell, | Shall turn his heart,
Or ſin can ſay, | His love away.

Then let our ſouls ariſe,
And tread the tempter down;
Our *Captain* leads us forth,
To conqueſt and a crown;
A feeble ſaint, | Tho' death and hell,
Shall win the day, | Obſtruct the way.

## XXV.

*Chriſt our Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctification, and Redemption.*

BURY'D in ſhadows of the night,
We lie, 'till Chriſt reſtores the light;
Wiſdom deſcends to heal the blind,
And chaſe the darkneſs of the mind.

Loſt guilty ſouls are drown'd in tears,
'Till the atoning blood appears;
Then they awake from deep diſtreſs,
And ſing, "The Lord our righteouſneſs."

Jeſus beholds where ſatan reigns,
Binding his ſlaves in heavy chains;
He ſets the priſoners free, and breaks,
The iron bondage from our necks.

Poor helpleſs worms in thee poſſeſs,
Grace, wiſdom, power, and righteouſneſs:
Thou art our mighty All, may we;
Give our whole ſelves, O Lord, to thee.

## XXVI. *The Same*

HOW heavy is the night,
That hangs upon our eyes,
'Till Chriſt with his reviving light,
Over our ſouls ariſe!

Our guilty ſpirits dread,
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But in his righteouſneſs array'd,
We ſee our ſins forgiven.

Unholy and impure,
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure,
With ſanctifying grace.

The powers of hell agree,
To hold our ſouls in vain;

He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

Lord, we adore thy ways,
That bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

## XXVII. *Spirit's sanctifying Influence.*

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid,
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every waiting mind,
With pleasures lasting, and refin'd;
Thy temple in our hearts uprear,
And take thine endless dwelling there.

O source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, immortal fire,
Our souls with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Our raging passions now control,
Expel the tyrant from each soul,
Lead us to Jesus crucify'd,
And be his merits all apply'd;
Our faith increase, our strength renew,
And guide us all our journey through.

Then ſhall our ſilent, ſlumb'ring tongues,
Break forth in ſweet, harmonious ſongs;
The Father's grace ſhall be their theme,
So ſhall the Saviour's balmy name;
Nor ſhall the ſacred Spirit's praiſe,
Be baniſh'd from the notes they raiſe.

XXVIII. *Spirit's illuminating Influence.*

COME, Holy Ghoſt, our hearts inſpire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

Come, Holy Ghoſt, (for, mov'd by thee,
The holy prophets ſpoke);
Unlock the truth, thyſelf the key,
Unſeal the ſacred book.

Expand thy wings, prolific Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our diſordered ſpirits move,
And let there now be light.

God thro' himſelf we then ſhall know,
If thou within us ſhine;
And ſound, with all thy ſaints below,
The depths of love-divine.

XXIX. *The Same.*

WHY ſhould the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?

Great Comforter, deſcend and bring,
Some tokens of thy grace.

Doſt thou not dwell in all thy ſaints,
And ſeal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou baniſh our complaints,
And ſhew our ſins forgiven?

Aſſure each conſcience of its part,
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witneſs in each heart,
That it is born of God.

Thou art the earneſt of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy bleſt wings, celeſtial Dove,
Safely convey us home.

## XXX. *Chriſt's Birth.*

THE King of glory ſends his Son,
To make his entrance on this earth
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hoſts declare his birth!

About the young Redeemer's head,
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown ſtar aroſe, and led,
The eaſtern Sages to his feet.

Simeon and Anna both conſpire,
The infant Saviour to proclaim;

Inward they felt the ſacred fire,
And bleſs'd the Babe, and own'd his name.

Let Jews and Greeks blaſpheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with ſcorn;
Our ſouls adore th' eternal God,
Who condeſcended to be born.

XXXI. *Names of the holy Child.*

HARK! the herald-angels ſing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and ſinners reconcil'd.

Joyful, all ye nations, riſe,
Join the triumphs of the ſkies;
Nature, riſe and worſhip him,
Who was born in Bethlehem.

Chriſt, by higheſt heaven adored,
Chriſt, the *everlaſting Lord;*
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the virgin's womb.

Veil'd in fleſh the Godhead ſee,
Hail th' *incarnate Deity!*
Pleas'd as man with men t'appear,
*Jeſus* our *Immanuel* here.

Hail, the heaven-born *Prince of Peace!*
Hail, the *Sun of Righteouſneſs!*
Light and life around he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that men no more may die;
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give them ſecond birth.

Come, *deſire of nations*, come,
Fix in us thy heavenly home;
Riſe, the *woman's conqu'ring ſeed*,
Bruiſe in us the ſerpent's head.

Adam's likeneſs now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
*Second Adam* from above,
Reinſtate us in thy love.

## XXXII. *Benefits of his Birth.*

WHAT good news the angels bring,
What glad tidings of our King;
Chriſt the Lord is born to-day,
Chriſt who takes our ſins away;
He who rules in heaven and earth,
Hath in Bethlehem his birth;
Him ſhall all his people ſee,
And rejoice eternally.

Lift your hearts and voices high,
With hoſannas fill the ſky;
Glory be to God above,
God the infinite in love,
Now reveals his glorious plan,—
Peace on earth, good-will to man!

Angels join with us in praiſe,
Join to ſing redeeming grace.

Now the wall is broken down,
Now the goſpel is made known;
Now the door is open wide,
Chriſt for Jew and Gentile dy'd;
All who feel the weight of ſin,
All who languiſh to be clean,
All who for redemption groan,
Muſt be ſav'd by faith alone.

Jeſus is the lovely name,
This the angels do proclaim;
He ſhall all his people ſave,
They in him remiſſion have;
When they ſee themſelves undone,
They take refuge in the Son;
They ſhall all be born again,
And with him in glory reign.

Shout ye nations of the earth,
Sing the triumphs of his birth;
All the world by him is bleſt;
Sound his praiſe from eaſt to weſt;
Jews and Gentiles jointly ſing,
Chriſt our common Lord and King;
Chriſt our life, our hope, our joy,
Shall our endleſs praiſe employ.

## XXXIII. *Praiſe for his Birth.*

FATHER, our hearts we lift,
Up to thy gracious throne;

And bleſs thee for the precious gift,
Of thine incarnate Son;
The gift unſpeakable,
We thankfully receive;
And to the world thy goodneſs tell,
O may we to thee live!

Jeſus, the holy child,
Doth by his birth declare,
That God and man are reconcil'd,
And one in him we are;
Salvation thro' his name,
To loſt mankind is given;
And loud his infant cries proclaim,
A peace 'twixt earth and heaven.

A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more ſhall end;
The Lord of Hoſts, the King of Kings,
Declares himſelf our friend;
Aſſumes our fleſh and blood,
That we his Sp'rit may gain,
The everlaſting Son of God,
The mortal ſon of man.

O may we all receive,
The new-born Prince of Peace;
And meekly in his Spirit live,
And in his love increaſe;
Till he conveys us home,
Cry every ſoul aloud,
Come, thou deſire of nations, come,
And take us all to God."

## XXXIV. *The Circumciſion of Chriſt.*

SEE, my ſoul, with wonder ſee,
The incarnate Deity;
Human nature he aſſumes,
He to ranſom ſinners comes;
He was not conceiv'd in ſin,
He was infinitely clean,
Him no ſinful ſpot diſguis'd,
Yet, lo, he was circumcis'd!

He fulfill'd all righteouſneſs,
Standing in our legal place;
From the cradle to the croſs,
All he did he did for us:
He did all our woes retrieve,
He expir'd that we might live;
By his ſtripes our wounds are heal'd,
By his blood our peace is ſeal'd.

Jeſu's pain procures our eaſe,
Jeſu's death is our releaſe;
Jeſu's croſs obtains our crown,
Jeſu's ſepulchre our throne;
Lord, conform us to thy death,
Bid our ſins yield up their breath;
By thy reſurrection's power,
Make our ſouls to glory ſoar.

Circumciſe our filthy hearts,
Purify our inward parts;

Lord, deſtroy the carnal mind,
That in thee we peace may find;
In thy righteouſneſs array'd,
Let us triumph, and be glad;
Let us walk with thee in white,
'Till we ſee thy face in light.

## XXXV. *Chriſt's Compaſſion for the tempted.*

WITH joy we meditate the grace,
Of our High-Prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the ſame.

He in the days of feeble fleſh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And in his meaſure feels afreſh,
What every member bears.

He'll never quench the ſmoking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

Then, let our humble faith addreſs,
His mercy, and his power;
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In the diſtreſſing hour.

## XXXVI. *Chriſt's bitter Sufferings.*

YE that paſs by, behold the man,
The Man of Grief condemn'd for you;
The Lamb of God for ſinners ſlain,
Weeping to Calvary purſue.

His ſacred limbs they ſtretch, they tear,
With nails they faſten to the wood—
His ſacred limbs—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

See there, his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide;
His ſtreaming feet transfixt and torn,
The fountain guſhing from his ſide.

Oh, thou dear ſuff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to ſinners move!
Help us to catch thy precious blood,
Help us to taſte thy dying love.

The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd while her Deliv'rer dy'd;
O may our inmoſt nature ſhake,
And bow with Jeſus crucify'd.

At thy laſt gaſp, the graves diſplay'd,
Their horrors to the upper ſkies;
O that our ſouls might burſt the ſhade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, ariſe.

The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and aſunder part;
O rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

## XXXVII. *Chriſt's Humiliation and Exaltation.*

NOW for a tune of lofty praiſe,
To great Jehovah's only Son;
Awake my voice in heavenly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Down to this baſe, this ſinful earth,
Jeſus the Saviour came to die;
He came t'atone Almighty wrath,
And bring the diſtant rebel nigh.

Deep in the ſhades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive priſoner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And roſe to everlaſting day.

Lift up your eyes, ye ſons of light,
Up to his throne of ſhining grace;
See what immortal glories ſit,
Round the ſweet beauties of his face.

Amongſt a thouſand harps and ſongs,
Jeſus the God exalted reigns;
O may his praiſe fill all our tongues,
And echo thro' the heavenly plains.

## XXXVIII. *Chriſt's Sufferings and Glory.*

WHAT equal honours ſhall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb?
Since all the notes that angels ſing,
Are far inferior to thy name.

Worthy is he that once was ſlain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd;
Worthy to riſe, and live, and reign,
At his Almighty Father's ſide.

Power and dominion are his due,
Who ſtood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wiſdom belongs to Jeſus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madneſs here.

Honour immortal muſt be paid,
Inſtead of ſcandal, and of ſcorn;
While glory ſhines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore our ſins, and curſe, and pain;
Let angels ſound his ſacred name,
And every creature ſay, Amen.

## XXXIX. *Chriſt's Reſurrection.*

JESUS, who dy'd a world to ſave,
Revives and riſes from the grave,
By his almighty power;
From ſin and death, and hell ſet free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

Children of God, look up and ſee,
Your Saviour cloath'd with majeſty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb;
Reſtrain your griefs, diſmiſs your fears,
In heaven your manſions he prepares,
And ſoon will take you home.

His church is ſtill his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down,
On her he did redeem;
He taſtes her joys, he feels her woes,
And prays that ſhe may ſpoil her foes,
And ever reign with him.

O may we all that power partake,
Which bids the dead in ſins awake,
And mounts the ſoul above;
Then ſhall our active minds aſpire,
On wings of faith, and ſtrong deſire,
To baſk in Jeſu's love.

## XL. *No Artifice could hinder it.*

THE Sun of Righteouſneſs appears,
To ſet in blood no more;
Adore the ſcatt'rer of your fears,
Your riſing God adore.

The ſaints, when he reſigns his breath,
Uncloſe their ſleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead ariſe.

Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-preſs trode;
He dies and ſuffers as a man,
He riſes as a God.

In vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal,
Forbid an early riſe,
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradiſe.

## XLI. *Chriſt's Aſcenſion.*

CLAP your hands, ye people all,
Praiſe the God on whom ye call;
Lift your voice, and ſhout his praiſe,
Triumph in his ſovereign grace.

Jeſus is gone up on high,
Takes his ſeat above the ſky;
Shout the angel-choirs aloud,
Echo'ng to the trump of God.

Sons of men the triumph join,
Praiſe him with the hoſts divine;
Emulate the heavenly powers,
Their victorious Lord is ours.

Shout the God enthron'd above,
Loud proclaim his conqu'ring love;
Praiſes to our Jeſus ſing,
Praiſes to our glorious King.

Power is all to Jeſus given,
Power o'er hell, and earth, and heaven;

Jeſus, power to us impart,
Then we'll praiſe with all our heart.

XLII. *He aſcends in great Triumph.*

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who cloath'd himſelf in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh foes.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies;
With ſcars of honour in his fleſh,
And triumph in his eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And ſcatters bleſſings down;
There Jeſus fills the middle ſeat,
Of the celeſtial throne.

Raiſe your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bleſs'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of our ſongs,
To our incarnate God.

Bright angels ſtrike their loudeſt ſtrings,
Let ſaints their voices raiſe;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praiſe.

## XLIII. *He loves the Earth he leaves.*

HAIL the day that ſees him riſe,
Raviſh'd from our wiſhful eyes;
Chriſt a while to mortals given,
Re-aſcends his native heaven;
There the pompous triumph waits,
"Lift your heads, eternal gates;
"Wide unfold the radiant ſcene,
"Take the King of Glory in!"

Circled round with angel-powers,
Their triumphant Lord is ours,
Conqu'ror o'er death, hell, and ſin—
Take the King of Glory in;
Him though higheſt heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

See, he lifts his hands above,
See, he ſhews the prints of love;
Hark, his gracious lips beſtow,
Bleſſings on his church below;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himſelf prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Maſter (may we ever ſay)
Taken from our head to-day;
See thy faithful ſervants, ſee,
Ever gazing up to thee.

Grant, though parted from our ſight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither riſe,
Seeking thee beyond the ſkies.

Ever upward may we move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord ſhall come,
Longing, gaſping after home;
Ever there may we remain,
Partners of thine enleſs reign;
There thy face unclouded ſee,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

## XLIV. *Chriſt's Interceſſion.*

WELL, the Redeemer's gone,
T'appear before our God;
To ſprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
With his atoning blood.

No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If juſtice calls for ſinners' blood,
The Saviour ſhews his own.

Before his Father's eye,
Our humble ſuit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and ſmiles, and loves.

Now may our joyful tongues,
Our Maker's honours ſing;

Jeſus the Prieſt receives our ſongs,
And bears them to the King.

## XLV. *It renders our Prayers acceptable.*

LIFT up your eyes to th'heavenly ſeats,
Where your Redeemer ſtays;
Kind interceſſor, there he ſits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my ſoul, he dy'd for thee,
And ſhed his vital blood;
Appeas'd ſtern juſtice on the tree,
And then aroſe to God.

Petitions now, and praiſe may riſe,
And ſaints their off'rings bring;
The Prieſt, with his own ſacrifice,
Preſents them to the king.

Ten thouſand praiſes to the King,
Hoſanna in the high'ſt;
Ten thouſand thanks our ſpirits bring,
To God, and to his Chriſt.

## XLVI. *Chriſtian Joy.*

AWAKE, and ſing the ſong,
Of Moſes, and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praiſe the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his riſing power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For thoſe whoſe ſins he bore.

Sing 'till we feel our hearts,
Aſcending with our tongues;
Sing 'till the love of ſin departs,
And grace inſpires our ſongs.

Sing 'till we hear Chriſt ſay,
"Your ſins are all forgiven;"
Sing on rejoicing every day,
'Till we all meet in heaven.

## XLVII. *The ſource of Chriſtian Joy*

COME, my brethren, Iſrael's race,
And hear me bleſs my King;
Hear me my beloved praiſe,
My Jeſus do I ſing:
Neither hear my ſong alone,
But help, O help me, to proclaim,
Jeſus, our Creator's Son;
Jeſus, that lovely name.

Others ſing their time away,
Who Jeſus never knew;
Ought not we to paſs our day,
In joy and ſinging too?
Others, have they cauſe to bleſs?
The children of the King have more;
They have Ch[illegible], their righteouſneſs,
Their glory, peace, and power.

Bow thy throne, thou Son of God,
And with a living coal,

From the altar, ſtain'd with blood,
Inſpire each drowſy ſoul:
Slaughter'd Lamb, who, who can ſhew,
Or fully who can ſing thy praiſe?
Lord, we fail in hymns below,
O teach us heavenly lays.

XLVIII. *Chriſt worſhipped by all Creatures.*

COME, let us join our cheerful ſongs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us!

Jeſus is worthy to receive,
Honour and power divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name,
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

XLIX. *Chriſt, Wonderful.*

SURE thy name is wonderful,
Counſellor, the mighty God;

Whom the heavenly hoſts adore,
praiſe we thro' the earth abroad.

[Thou the godhead bearing down,
To the ſight of mortal man;
Fleſh in form, and God in power,
Suited art to all thy plan.]

Center'd in thy lovely face,
Judgment, mercy, both appear;
All the Father's honour meets,
All his glory triumphs here.

Wonderfully form'd to raiſe,
Adam's fallen, helpleſs race;
Form'd to purchaſe, and ſecure,
For thy people, boundleſs grace.

[Thou that Prophet art and King,
Thou the Prieſt foretold to riſe;
Thou the Sacrificer art,
And the wond'rous ſacrifice.]

Lamb of God, that once waſt ſlain,
Bleeding on the painful tree;
Riſen and aſcended high,
We adore thy majeſty.

Wonderful art thou in power,
Wonderful art thou in love;
Be thou all our theme below,
Be thou all our heaven above!

Hallelujah.

L. *Extent and Glory of Chriſt's Kingdom.*

YE ſervants of God,
Your Maſter proclaim;
And publiſh abroad,
His wonderful name;
The name all victorious,
Of Jeſus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to ſave;
And ſtill he is nigh,
His preſence we have;
The great congregation,
His triumph ſhall ſing;
Aſcribing ſalvation,
To Jeſus our King.

Salvation to God,
Who ſits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;
Our Jeſus's praiſes,
The angels proclaim;
Fall down on their faces,
And worſhip the Lamb.

Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
All glory and power,
And wiſdom and might;

All honour and bleſſing,
With angels above;
And thanks never ceaſing,
And infinite love.

LI. *Providence, Redemption, and Judgment.*

HOW can we adore,
Or worthily praiſe,
Thy goodneſs and power,
Thou God of all grace;
With honour and bleſſing,
Before thee we fall;
Moſt gladly confeſſing
Thee, Father of all.

The heavens and earth,
And water, and air,
To thee owe their birth,
Subſiſt by thy care;
While angels are ſinging,
Thy praiſes above,
We mortals are bringing,
Our tribute of love.

Thou, Saviour, art one,
With God the Supreme;
His eternal Son,
And equal with him;
Inveſted with glory,
On high doſt thou ſit;
Whilſt angels adore thee,
And bow at thy feet.

How great was thy love,
How wond'rous thy grace!
Thou cam'ſt from above,
To ſave a loſt race;
And man to deliver,
Of Mary waſt born;
That every believer,
To God might return.

How ſoon will thy ſeat,
Of judgment appear;
Prepare us to meet,
And welcome thee there;
Thy witneſſing Spirit,
In us ſhed abroad;
And bid us inherit,
The kingdom of God.

The Father and Son,
And Spirit agree,
To conſtitute one,
Complete Deity;
Sweet Jeſus, thy merit,
Reſtores us to God;
And by thy good Spirit,
Our ſouls are renew'd.

## LII. *The Trinity.*

BLEST be the Father, and his love,
To whoſe celeſtial ſource we owe,
Rivers of endleſs joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to thee, great Son of God,
Forth from thy wounded body rolls,
A precious ſtream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying ſouls.

We give the ſacred Spirit praiſe,
Who in our hearts of ſin and woe,
Makes living ſtreams of grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore;
That ſea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom, or a ſhore.

## LIII. *Eternal Counſels of the Trinity.*

HAIL, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be endleſs praiſe to thee;
Supreme, eſſential One, adord'd,
In co-eternal three!

Enthron'd in everlaſting ſtate,
E'er time its round began,
Thou join'ſt in council to create,
The dignity of man.

All that the name of creature owns,
To thee in hymns aſpire;
May we (as angels on their thrones)
For ever join the choir.

Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be endleſs praiſe to thee;
Supreme, eſſential One, ador'd,
In co-eternal three!

## LIV. *Office of each Perſon in Trinity.*

LET God the Father live,
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his free love derive,
The ground of all their ſongs.

Ye ſaints, employ your breath,
In honour to the Son;
Who bought your ſouls, from endleſs death,
By off'ring up his own.

Give to the Spirit praiſe,
Of an immortal ſtrain;
Whoſe light, and power, and grace conveys,
Salvation down to men.

While God the Comforter,
Reveals our pardon'd ſin;
O may the blood and water bear,
The ſame record within.

To the great One in Three,
That ſeal the grace in heaven,
(The Father, Son, and Spirit) be
Eternal glory given.

## LV. *Praiſe to each Perſon in Trinity.*

WE give immortal praiſe,
To God the Father's love;
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He ſent his own | To die for ſins,
Eternal Son; | That man had done.

To God the Son belongs,
Immortal glory too;
Who bought us with his blood,
From everlaſting woe;
And now he lives, | And ſees the fruit,
And now he reigns; | Of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name,
Immortal worſhip give;
Whoſe new-creating power,
Makes the dead ſinner live;
His work completes, | And fills the ſoul,
The great deſign; | With joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee,
Be endleſs honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the myſterious One!
Where reaſon fails, | There faith prevails,
With all her powers, | And love adores.

## LVI. *The Same.*

TO him that choſe us firſt,
Before the world began,
To him that bore the curſe,
To ſave rebellious man,
To him that form'd | Are endleſs praiſe,
Our hearts anew, | And glory due.

The Father's love ſhall run,
Through our immortal ſongs;
We bring to God the Son,
Hoſannas on our tongues;

Our lips addreſs, | With equal praiſe,
The Spirit's name; | And zeal the ſame.

Let every ſaint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bleſs and love,
The ſacred Three in One;
Thus heaven ſhall raiſe, | When earth and time,
His honours high; | Grow old and die.

## LVII. *God the Univerſal Governor.*

THE Lord, the ſovereign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly worlds he rules,
And all beneath the ſky.

Ye angels, great in might,
And ſwift to do his will,
Bleſs ye the Lord, whoſe voice ye hear,
Whoſe pleaſure ye fulfil.

Let the bright hoſts who wait,
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praiſe they ſing.

While all his wond'rous works,
Thro' his vaſt kingdom ſhew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my ſoul,
Shalt ſing his graces too.

## LVIII. *The Brazen Serpent.*

WITH fiery ſerpents greatly pain'd,
When Iſrael's mourning tribes complain'd,
And ſigh'd to be reliev'd,
A ſerpent ſtraight the prophet made,
Of molton braſs, to view diſplay'd,
The patients look'd and liv'd.

But, oh, what healing to the heart,
Does Jeſu's greater croſs impart,
To thoſe who ſeek a cure!
Iſrael of old, and we no leſs,
The ſame indulgent grace confeſs,
While life and breath endure.

To reaſon's view, ſo ſtrange effect,
Self-righteous ſouls will ſtill reject,
And periſh in their pride;
Not ſo the ſtung with ſin and law,
Theſe all their rich ſalvation draw,
From Jeſu's bleeding ſide.

May we then view the matchleſs croſs,
And other objects count but loſs,
No other gain explore;
Here ſtill be fix'd our feaſted eyes,
Teeming with tears of glad ſurpriſe,
And thankfully adore!

Hail, great Immanuel, balmy name!
Thy praiſe the ranſom'd will proclaim,
Thee we phyſician call;

We own no other cure but thine,
Thou the deliverer divine,
Our health, our life, our all.

## LIX. *Chriſt's Condeſcenſion.*

O LORD our God, how wond'rous great,
Is thine exalted name;
The glories of thy heavenly ſtate,
Let men and babes proclaim.

When we behold thy work on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And ſtars that well adorn the ſky,
Thoſe moving worlds of light,

Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells ſo far below,
That thou ſhould'ſt viſit him with grace,
And love his nature ſo!

That thine eternal Son ſhould bear,
To take a mortal form;
Made lower than the angels are,
To ſave a dying worm!

Jeſus, our Lord, how wond'rous great,
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly ſtate,
Let the whole earth proclaim.

## LX. *The Voice of Mercy to ruined Sinners.*

HOW ſad our ſtate by nature is,
Our ſin how deep it ſtains;

And ſatan binds our captive ſouls,
Faſt in his ſlaviſh chains!

But there's a voice of ſovereign grace,
Sounds from God's ſacred word;
Ho, ye deſpairing ſinners, come,
And truſt upon the Lord!

O may we hear th' almighty call,
And run to this relief;
We would believe thy promiſe, Lord,
O help our unbelief.

To the bleſt fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;
There may we waſh our ſpotted ſouls,
From crimes of deepeſt dye.

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning ſins ſubdue;
Drive the old dragon from his ſeat,
With his infernal crew.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpleſs worms,
Into thy hands we fall;
Be thou our ſtrength and righteouſneſs,
Our Jeſus, and our All.

## LXI. *Reaſonable Service.*

MEET and right it is to ſing,
Glory to our God and King;
Meet, in every time and place,
To rehearſe his ſolemn praiſe.

Join, ye ſaints, the ſong around,
Angels, help the chearful ſound;
Publiſh thro' the worlds abroad,
Glory to th' eternal God.

Praiſes here to thee we give,
Gracious thou our thanks receive;
Holy Father, ſovereign Lord,
Every-where be thou ador'd.

Tho' th' injurious world exclaim,
Sing we ſtill in Jeſu's name;
Saviour, thee we ever bleſs,
Thee our Lord and God confeſs.

## LXII. *Laudable Emulation.*

LORD and God of heavenly powers,
Theirs—and O benignly ours!
Glorious King, let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant thy name.

Thee to laud in ſongs divine,
Angels and archangels join;
We with them our voices raiſe,
Echoing eternal praiſe.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by heaven and earth ador'd;
Full of thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to God moſt high!

LXIII. *Chearful Praiſe, and earneſt Prayer.*

GLORY be to God on high,
God whoſe glory fills the ſky;
Peace on earth and man forgiven,
Man, the well-belov'd of heaven.

Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now preſume to ſing;
Glad thine attributes confeſs,
Glorious all and numberleſs.

Hail, by all thy works ador'd,
Hail, the everlaſting Lord;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love.

Chriſt our Lord and God we own,
Chriſt the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for ſinners ſlain,
Saviour of offending man.

Powerful Advocate with God,
Juſtify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou.

Hear, for thou, O Chriſt, alone,
With thy gracious Sire, art one;
One the Holy Ghoſt, with thee,
One ſupreme eternal Three.

LXIV. *An intereſting Fact.*

'TIS finiſh'd, the Redeemer ſaid,
And meekly bow'd his dying head,

Whilſt we this ſentence ſcan;
Come, ſinners, and obſerve the word,
Behold the conqueſts of your Lord,
Complete for helpleſs man.

Finiſh'd the righteouſneſs of grace,
Finiſh'd for ſinners pard'ning peace;
Their mighty debt is paid;
Accuſing law, cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended God,
In ſweet oblivion laid.

Who now ſhall urge a ſecond claim?
The law no longer can condemn—
Faith a releaſe can ſhew;
Juſtice itſelf a friend appears,
The priſon-houſe a whiſper hears,
Looſe him, and let him go.

O unbelief, injurious bar,
Source of tormenting fruitleſs fear,
Why doſt thou yet reply?
Where e'er thy loud objections fall,
"'Tis finiſh'd," ſtill may anſwer all,
And ſilence every cry.

His toil divinely finiſh'd ſtands,
But lo, the praiſe his work demands,
Careful may we attend!
Concluſion to our ſouls be this,
Becauſe ſalvation finiſh'd is,
Our thanks ſhall never end.

## LXV. *Adoption.*

BEHOLD what wond'rous grace
The Father hath beſtow'd,
On ſinners of a mortal race,
To call them ſons of God!

Nor doth it yet appear,
How great they will be made;
But when they ſee their Saviour near,
They ſhall be like their head.

A hope ſo much divine,
May trials well endure;
And purge our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin,
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.

O Lord, if in thy love,
We ſhare a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To reſt upon each heart.

Suffer us not to lie,
Like ſlaves before thy throne;
Let each now, Abba Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

## LXVI. *Heaven in the Smiles of Jeſus.*

LORD, what a heaven of ſaving grace,
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face!
O light our paſſions to a flame,
Then ſhall we love thy charming name.

Then will a ſcene of ſacred joy,
Our raptur'd eyes and ſouls employ;

Then ſhall we long to gaze away,
A bleſt and everlaſting day.

Send comforts, Lord, from thy right-hand,
While we paſs thro' this barren land;
And in thy temple let us ſee,
A glimpſe of love, a glimpſe of thee.

## LXVII.

*Works of Grace ſurpaſs the Works of Nature.*

NOW to the Lord a noble ſong,
Awake my ſoul, awake my tongue;
Hoſanna to th' eternal name,
And all his bonndleſs love proclaim!

See where it ſhines, in Jeſu's face,
The brighteſt image of his grace;
God in the perſon of his Son,
Hath all his mightieſt works outdone.

Grace, 'tis a ſweet, a charming theme,
Exult, my ſoul, at Jeſu's name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the ſound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

O that we all may reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And ſing his name to harps of gold.

## LXVIII. *Chriſt rewarded for his Sufferings.*

HOW glorious the Lamb,
Is ſeen on his throne!

His labours are o'er,
His conqueſts put on;
A kingdom is given,
Into the Lamb's hand;
In earth and in heaven,
For ever to ſtand.

Ye ſinners below,
Then truſt in the Lord,
Look up to his arm,
His honour, his word:
Athirſt for his favour,
His godhead adore;
Look up to your Saviour,
And joy evermore.

## LXIX. *Firſt and Second Adam*

DEEP in the duſt before thy throne,
Our guilt and our diſgrace we own;
Great God, we own th' unhappy name,
Whence ſprung our nature, and our ſhame.

But whilſt our ſpirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We ſing the honours of thy grace,
That ſent to ſave our ruin'd race.

We ſing thine everlaſting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam, the ſecond, from the duſt,
Raiſes the ruins of the firſt.

Where ſin did reign, and death abound,
There have the ſons of Adam found,

Abounding life—there glorious grace,
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteouſneſs.

## LXX. *Salvation.*

SALVATION, O the joyful ſound,
What pleaſure to our ears!
A ſovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Bury'd in ſorrow, and in ſin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
Till we aroſe, by grace divine,
To ſee an heavenly day.

Salvation, let the echo fly,
The ſpacious earth around;
While all the armies of the ſky,
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.

## LXXI. *Chriſt's Victory over Satan.*

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
The prince of darkneſs flies;
His troops ruſh headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the ſkies.

There bound in chains the lions roar,
And fright the reſcu'd ſheep;
But heavy bars confine their power,
And malice to the deep.

Hoſanna to our conqu'ring King!
All hail, incarnate love!
Ten thouſand ſongs and glories wait,
To crown thy head above!

Thy vict'ries, and thy deathleſs fame,
Thro' the wide world ſhall run;
And everlaſting ages ſing,
The triumphs thou haſt won!

## LXXII. *Happineſs of knowing the Goſpel.*

BLEST are the ſouls that hear and know,
The goſpel's joyful ſound;
Peace ſhall attend the path they go,
And light their ſteps ſurround.

Their joy ſhall bear their ſpirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's name;
His righteouſneſs exalts their hope,
Nor ſatan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and ſalvation gives;
Iſrael, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

## LXXIII. *God approached with Reverence.*

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his ſtrength rejoice;
When his ſalvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful ſight,
And pſalms of honour ſing;
The Lord's a God of boundleſs might,
The whole creation's king.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious hand;
He fix'd the ſeas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills muſt ſtand.

Come, and with humble ſouls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
May we, the creatures of his power,
Be children of his grace.

LXXIV. *The Church God's Houſe, and Care.*

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait;
Ye ſaints, that to his houſe belong,
Or ſtand attending at his gate.

Praiſe ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praiſe his name is ſweet employ;
Iſrael he choſe of old; and ſtill,
His church is his peculiar joy.

Bleſs ye the Lord, who taſte his love,
People and prieſts, exalt his name;
Amongſt his ſaints he ever dwells,
His church is his Jeruſalem.

LXXV. *God unchangeably great and good.*

GIVE thanks to God moſt high,
The univerſal Lord;
The ſovereign King of Kings,
And be his grace ador'd;

His power and grace, | And let his name,
Are ſtill the ſame; | Have endleſs praiſe.

How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and ſeas,
And ſpread the heavens alone.

Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever ſure,
Shall ſtill endure; | Abides thy word.

He ſaw the nations lie,
All periſhing in ſin;
And pity'd the ſad ſtate,
The ruin'd world was in.

Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever ſure,
Shall ſtill endure, | Abides thy word.

He ſent his only Son,
To ſave us from our woe;
From ſatan, ſin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.

His power and grace, | And let his name,
Are ſtill the ſame; | Have endleſs praiſe.

## LXXVI. *Univerſal Praiſe.*

FROM all that dwell below the ſkies,
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung,
Thro' every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

## LXXVII. *Chriſt dwelling in us by Faith.*

COME, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breaſt;
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expreſs'd.

Come, fill our hearts with inward ſtrength,
Make our enlarged ſouls poſſeſs,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeaſurable grace.

Now to the God whoſe power can do,
More than our thoughts or wiſhes know;
Be everlaſting honours done,
By all the church, through Chriſt his Son.

## LXXVIII.

### *God's eternal Purpoſes of Grace.*

NOW to the power of God ſupreme,
Be everlaſting honours given;
He ſaves from hell (we bleſs his name)
He calls loſt wand'ring ſouls to heaven.

Not for our duties or deſerts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works ſalvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praiſe.

'Twas his own purpoſe that begun,
To reſcue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Chriſt his Son,
Before he ſpread the ſtarry ſky.

Jeſus, the Lord, appears at laſt,
And makes his Father's counſels known;
Declares the great tranſactions paſt,
And brings immortal bleſſings down.

## LXXIX. *Glories of Chriſt in Heaven.*

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of theſe inferior things.

Oh for a ſight, a pleaſing ſight,
Of our almighty Father's throne:
There ſits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloath'd in a body like our own.

Adoring ſaints around him ſtand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God ſhines gracious thro' the Man,
And ſhed ſweet glories on them all.

When ſhall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That we ſhall mount to dwell above;
And ſtand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and ſing thy love?

## LXXX. *Welcome to Chriſt.*

COME, guilty ſouls and flee away,
Like doves to Jeſu's wounds;
This is the welcome goſpel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

God lov'd the world, and gave his Son,
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jeſus ſays, he'll caſt out none,
That come to him by faith.

## LXXXI. *General Providence.*

PRAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to raiſe,
Our hearts and voices in his praiſe;
His nature and his works invite,
To make this duty our delight.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his clouds around the ſky;
There he prepares his fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops deſcend in vain.

He form'd the ſtars, thoſe heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

He makes the graſs the hills adorn,
And cloaths the ſmiling fields with corn;
The beaſts with food his hands ſupply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

But ſaints are lovely in his ſight;
He views his children with delight;
He ſees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

## LXXXI. *Sanctified Worſhippers.*

YE ſeekers of God,
Whoſe diligent care,
Is ever employ'd
His image to bear,
With praiſes unceaſing,
Your Jeſus proclaim;
Rejoicing and bleſſing,
His excellent name.

'Tis Jeſus commands,
Come all to his houſe,
And lift up your hands,
And pay him your vows;
And whilſt ye are giving
Your Jeſus his due,
The Lord out of heaven,
Shall ſanctify you.

## LXXXIII. *Spiritual Ingratitude lamented.*

HARK! dull ſoul, how every thing,
Strives t'adore our bounteous King;
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and thus obeys.

Wake, for ſhame, my ſluggiſh heart,
Wake, and gladly ſing thy part;
Learn of birds, and ſprings, and flowers,
How t' employ thy nobler powers.

Call whole nature to thy aid,
Since 't was He all nature made;

Join we in one endleſs ſong,
Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious Lord,
Live by all thy works ador'd;
One in Three, and Three in One,
All things bow to thee alone.

## LXXXIV. *The New Creation.*

ATTEND, while God's eternal Son
Doth his own glories ſhew;
" Behold, I ſit upon my throne,
" Creating all things new.

" Nature and ſin are paſt away,
" And the old Adam dies;
" My hands a new foundation lay,
" See a new world ariſe!"

Mighty Redeemer, ſet us free,
From our old ſtate of ſin;
O make our ſouls alive to thee,
Create new powers within!

Renew our eyes, and form our ears,
And mould our hearts afreſh;
Give us new paſſions, joys, and fears,
And turn the ſtone to fleſh.

Far from the regions of the dead,
From ſin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world thy grace hath made,
May we for ever dwell.

## LXXXV. *Happineſs aud Dignity of Chriſtians.*

O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come waſh us in thy cleanſing blood;
Give us to taſte thy love, then pain
Is ſweet, and life or death is gain.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be,
For ever clos'd to all but thee:
Seal thou our breaſts, and let us wear,
That pledge of love for ever there.

How bleſt are thoſe who ſtill abide,
Cloſe ſhelter'd near thy bleeding ſide;
Who life and ſtrength from thee derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!

How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou ſhould'ſt man to glory bring!
Make ſlaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown!

Ah, Lord, enlarge our ſcanty thought,
To know the wonders thou haſt wrought:
Unlooſe our ſtammering tongues to tell,
Thy love immenſe, unſearchable!

Firſt-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heaven muſt bow;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

## LXXXVI. *Longing to know Chriſt's Love.*

O LOVE divine, how ſweet thou art,
When ſhall I find my longing heart
All taken up by thee?
Oh make me pant and thirſt to prove,
The greatneſs of redeeming love,
The love of Chriſt to me.

God only knows the love of God,
O that it now were ſhed abroad,
In each poor ſtony heart!
For love I ſigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

O that we could for ever ſit,
With Mary, at the Maſter's feet,
Be this our happy choice;
Our only care, delight, and bliſs,
Our joy, our heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Thy only love may we require,
Nothing on earth beneath deſire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth and all its trifles go,
Give us, O Lord, thy love to know,
Give us thy precious love.

## LXXXVII. *Intire Dependance on Chriſt.*

COME, my ſoul, before the Lamb,
Fall and do him reverence;

Bleſs him for his blood and name,
Sing his great deliverance.

Why ſhould ſorrow bow thee down,
Trials or temptation?
Is not Chriſt upon the throne,
Still thy ſtrong ſalvation?

Caſt thy burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour;
He (whoſe hands for thee were bor'd)
Can and will deliver.

Turn thee to thy reſt, my ſoul,
Turn thee and diſcover,
How he yet is merciful—
Turn thee to thy Lover.

Bluſh that thou haſt him forgot,
Who can happy make thee;
Gaze upon him who thee bought,
Till to him he take thee.

Leave thine earthly cares behind,
Mind alone thy Saviour;
Count thou all beſide but wind,
Trample on it ever.

## LXXXVIII. *The Chriſtian Race.*

AWAKE our ſouls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone:
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a ſtraight and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the ſtrength of every ſaint.

O mighty God, thy matchleſs power,
Is ever new and ever young;
And firm endures, while endleſs years,
Their everlaſting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing ſpring,
Believers drink a freſh ſupply;
While ſuch as truſt their native ſtrength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
Oh may we mount to thine abode!
On wings of love to Jeſus fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heavenly road.

## LXXXIX.

*The Power and Grace of Jeſus*

OF him who did ſalvation bring,
Lord, may we ever think, and ſing:
Ariſe, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Ariſe, ye needy, he'll relieve.

Eternal Lord, almighty King,
All heaven doth with thy triumphs ring;
Thou conquer'ſt all, beneath, above,
Devils with force, and men with love!

To cleanſe our ſins, Chriſt ſhed his blood,
He dy'd to bring us near to God;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God ſuch love could ſhew.

## XC. *Preſerving Grace.*

TO God the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies,
Their humble praiſes bring.

'Tis his almighty love,
His counſel and his care,
Preſerves us ſafe from ſin and death,
And every hurtful ſnare.

He will preſent his ſaints,
Unblemiſh'd and complete;
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the choſen ſeed,
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

To our Redeemer God,
Wiſdom and power belongs;
Immortal crowns of majeſty,
And everlaſting ſongs.

## XCI *Devout Aſcriptions to Jeſus.*

O THOU in whom the Gentiles truſt,
Thou only holy, only juſt,
Oh tune our ſouls to praiſe thy name;
Jeſus, unchangeable, the ſame!

If angels, whilſt to thee they ſing,
Wrap up their faces in their wing,
How ſhall we ſinful duſt draw nigh
The great, the awful Deity!

Glory to thee, auſpicious Lamb!
Thou holy Lord, thou great I AM!
With all our powers, thy grace we bleſs,
Our joy, our peace, our righteouſneſs.

Live, ever glorious Jeſus, live!
Worthy all bleſſings to receive!
Worthy on high enthron'd to ſit,
With every power beneath thy feet!

## XCII. *Unfruitfulneſs.*

LONG have we ſat beneath the ſound,
Of thy ſalvation, Lord;
But ſtill how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

Oft we frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almoſt in vain;
How ſmall a portion of thy grace,
Do our falſe hearts retain!

Our gracious Saviour and our God,
How little art thou known;
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And bleſſings of thy throne!

How cold and feeble is our love,
How negligent our fear;
How low our hopes of joys above,
How few affections there!

Great God, thy ſovereign aid impart,
To give thy word ſucceſs;
Write thy ſalvation on each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

Shew our forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge growes without decay,
And love ſhall never die.

## XCIII. *The Church, a Garden.*

ZION's a garden wall'd around,
Choſen and made peculiar ground;
A little ſpot inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderneſs.

Like ſpicy trees, believers ſtand,
Planted by an almighty hand;
And all the ſprings in Zion flow,
To make the rich plantation grow.

Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;

Spirit divine, deſcend, and breathe,
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

Make thou our ſpices flow abroad,
A grateful incenſe to our God;
Let faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

## XCIV. *Stability in Religion deſired.*

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, ſo let us be.

Fix, O fix each wav'ring mind,
To thy croſs our ſpirits bind;
Earthly paſſions far remove,
Swallow up our ſouls in love.

Duſt and aſhes tho' we be,
Full of guilt and miſery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchaſe of thy blood.

Boundleſs wiſdom, power divine,
Love unſpeakable are thine;
Praiſe by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth and hoſts of heaven.

## XCV. *Spiritual Sloth lamented.*

OUR drowſy powers, why ſleep ye ſo?
Awake each ſluggiſh ſoul;

Nothing has half our work to do,
Yet nothing's half ſo dull.

The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labour, and tug, and ſtrive,
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careleſs to ſecure that crown,
He purchas'd with his blood!

Lord, ſhall we lie ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our part?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And fit, and warm our hearts.

Then ſhall our active ſpirits move,
Upward our ſouls ſhall riſe;
With hands of faith. and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

XCVI. *Imputation of Chriſt's Righteouſneſs.*

HAPPY he who e'er believes,
The embaſſy of peace;
Who at Jeſu's hand receives,
The gift of righteouſneſs:
God is his ſalvation's God,
The Lord is his almighty ſhield;
He with grace ſhall be endow'd,
And then with glory fill'd.

Did the ſin of Adam ſlay,
And ruin all his race?
Jeſus takes our ſins away,
By ſuff'ring in our place;
He perform'd what God requir'd,
And anſwers all the law demands;
In his righteouſneſs attir'd,
The true believer ſtands.

[Moſes, at a diſtance ſaw,
The righteouſneſs divine;
In the volume of the law,
How clearly doth it ſhine;
Holy men, and prophets old,
Beheld from far the bleeding Lamb;
Of his righteouſneſs foretold,
And truſted in the ſame.

How perverſely did the Jews,
His righteouſneſs diſcard;
Shall we then his love abuſe,
And ſlight his great reward?
Of the law he is the end,
And after we have done our beſt,
On his grace we muſt depend,
And in his merits reſt.]

What a myſtery of love,
In God's deſign appears!
Jeſus coming from above,
Our ſin and torment bears:

God imputes man's ſins to him,
Imputes to man his righteouſneſs;
Guilty he doth Chriſt eſteem,
And guiltleſs us confeſs.

XCVII. *God's wonderful Condeſcenſion.*

THY favours, Lord, ſurpriſe our ſouls,
Will the eternal dwell with us?
What canſt thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

Still might he fill his ſtarry throne,
And pleaſe his ears with Gabriel's ſongs;
But lo, the mighty God comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues!

Great God, what poor returns we pay,
For love ſo infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But thy compaſſion's all divine.

XCVIII. *His merciful Attention to our Prayers.*

UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlaſting praiſes fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

He that can ſhake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,
His goodneſs, how amazing great!
And what a condeſcending God!

Our ſorrows, and our tears we pour,
Into the boſom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And ſoon removes our heavy load.

Oh, could our thankful hearts deviſe,
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our ſongs ſhould riſe,
And teach the golden harps thy praiſe.

## XCIX. *Fervency of Devotion deſired.*

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of ſacred love,
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe earthly toys;
Our ſouls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!

In vain we tune our formal ſongs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannas languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord, and ſhall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great!

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

C. *Influence of redeeming Love.*

TO praiſe redeeming love,
Dear chriſtians, lend a voice;
Come, thou diviner Dove,
And help us to rejoice;
Our hearts too low,
Lord, thou canſt raiſe;
Bleſt Spirit, blow,
And we ſhall praiſe.

Here, Lord, may we admire,
The riches of thy grace,
'Till thou ſhalt call us higher,
There to behold thy face;
Oh height of grace!
Oh depth of love!
Lord fit us for,
Our place above.

Who can thy love expreſs?
Thy mercy ne'er decays;
What can our ſouls do leſs,
Than love thee all our days?
Bleſs God, each ſoul,
Even unto death;
And write a ſong,
For every breath.

## CI. *Creation and Redemption.*

LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud ſongs ſhall ſtill record,
The wonders of thy praiſe.

We raiſe our ſhouts, O God, to thee,
And ſend them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

'Twas he and we'll adore his name,
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis he reſtores our ruin'd frame—
Salvation to the Lord.

Hoſanna, let the earth and ſkies,
Repeat the joyful ſound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

## CII. *God faithful to his Promiſe*

BEGIN, my tongue, ſome heavenly theme,
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous faithfulneſs,
And ſound his power abroad;
Sing the ſweet promiſe of his grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim ſalvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men;
His hand hath writ the ſacred word,
With an immortal pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal braſs,
The mighty promiſe ſhines;
Nor can the powers of darkneſs raze,
Thoſe everlaſting lines.

O might I hear thy heavenly tongue,
But whiſper thou art mine;
Thoſe gentle words ſhould raiſe my ſong,
To notes almoſt divine.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven ſecure!
I'd truſt the all-creating voice,
And faith deſires no more.

## CIII. *Reſurrection of Chriſt.*

BLESS'd morning, whoſe young dawning rays,
Beheld our riſing God;
That ſaw him triumph o'er the duſt,
And leave his laſt abode!

In the cold priſon of a tomb,
The dear Redeemer lay;
'Till the revolving ſkies had brought,
The third, th' appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force,
To hold our God in vain;

The ſleeping Conqueror aroſe,
And burſt their feeble chain.

To thy great name, almighty Lord,
Theſe ſacred hours we pay;
And loud hoſannas ſhall proclaim,
The triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praiſe,
To our victorious King;
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and ſeas,
With loud hoſannas, ring.

## CIV. *Chriſt's Pity for wretched Sinners.*

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark deſpair,
We wretched ſinners lay;
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace,
Beheld our helpleſs grief;
He ſaw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

Down from the ſhining ſeats above,
With joyful haſte he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills,
Their laſting ſilence break!
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.

Angels aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

## CV. *Paſſion and Exaltation of Chriſt.*

COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your nobleſt muſic bring;
'Tis Chriſt the everlaſting God,
And Chriſt the Man, we ſing.

Tell how he took our fleſh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of ſacred blood,
That helliſh monſters ſpilt.

Down to the ſhades of death,
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he aroſe to live and reign,
When death itſelf is dead.

No more the bloody ſpear,
The croſs and nails no more;
For hell itſelf ſhakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

There the Redeemer ſits,
High on his Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And ſmiles upon his Son.

CVI. *The Glory of Chriſt in Heaven.*

OH the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jeſus ſheds the brighteſt beams,
Of his o'erflowing grace!

Sweet majeſty and awful love,
Sit ſmiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble diſtance bow.

His head, the dear majeſtic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories ſhine,
And circle it around!

This is the Man, th' exalted Man.
Whom we, unſeen, adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts ſhall love him more.

Lord, ſet our ſpirits all on fire,
To ſee thy bleſs'd abode;
And tune our tongues to ſing the praiſe,
Of our incarnate God.

CVII. *Sympathy with a Suffering Saviour.*

INFINITE grief! amazing woe;
Behold our bleeding Lord;
Hell and the Jews conſpir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman ſword.

Oh the ſharp pangs of ſmarting pain,
Our dear Redeemer bore,
When knotted whips, and ragged thorns,
His ſacred body tore!

But knotted whips, and ragged thorns,
In vain do we accuſe;
In vain we blame the Roman bands,
And the more ſpightful Jews.

'Twere you, our ſins, our cruel ſins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of our crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the ſpear.

'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down,
Upon his guiltleſs head;
Break, break our hearts, O burſt theſe eyes,
And let our ſorrows bleed.

Strike, mighty grace, each flinty ſoul,
'Till melting waters flow;
And deep repentance drown our eyes,
In undiſſembled woe.

CVIII. *Repentance, at viewing his Sufferings.*

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my ſovereign die!
Would he devote that ſacred head,
For ſuch a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree!
Amazing pity! grace unknown;
And love beyond degree!

Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in;
When Chriſt, the Prince of Glory, dy'd,
For man, the creature's ſin.

Thus might I hide my bluſhing face,
While his dear croſs appears;
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe;
May I here give myſelf away—
'Tis all that I can do.

## CIX. *Chriſt's Sufferings our Security.*

IS there a thing beneath the ſky,
Can comfort bring, or ſatisfy,
But our dear Saviour's wounds?
Here is a ſweet and conſtant peace,
A treaſure full of richeſt grace,
All elſe are empty ſounds.

Attend, my ſoul, ſink down with ſhame,
Before his face, who only came
To ſuffer, bleed and die;
O think upon thy ſin and guilt,
For which his precious blood was ſpilt,—
Thou didſt him crucify.

See thou vile piece of ſinful duſt,
Thy deareſt Lord ſweat for thy luſt,

Till drops of blood fall down;
See how he yonder proſtrate lies,
Obſerve his mournful prayer and cries,
Mark every tear and groan.

See thy dear Lord dragg'd like a thief,
Amidſt contempt, and ſtripes, and grief,
For thee a ſacrifice;
Faſten'd unto the ſhameful wood,
Deſpis'd by men, and bath'd in blood;
So dear thy ranſom price!

Lord, didſt thou ſuffer thus for me?
Didſt thou feel all this miſery,
To give me life and peace?
Then let me bear it on my heart,
My all is purchas'd with thy ſmart,
Thy blood ſigns my releaſe.

CX. *Fallen Man preferred to fallen Angels.*

DOWN headlong from the native ſkies,
The rebel-angels fell;
And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath,
Purſu'd them deep to hell.

Down from the top of earthly bliſs,
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
And Jeſus ſtoop'd beneath the grave,
To ſave a ſinking world.

O love of infinite degree!
Unmeaſurable grace!

Muſt heaven's eternal darling die,
To ſave a trait'rous race!

Muſt angels ſink for ever down,
And burn in quenchleſs fire;
While God forſakes his ſhining throne,
To raiſe us wretches higher!

Oh for this love, let earth and ſkies,
With hallelujahs ring;
And the full choir of human tongues,
All hallelujahs ſing!

## CXI. *Chriſt's merciful Commiſſion.*

COME happy ſouls, approach your God,
With new melodious ſongs;
Come, render to almighty grace,
The tribute of your tongues.

So ſtrange, ſo boundleſs was the love,
That pity'd dying men,
The Father ſent his equal Son,
To give them life again.

Thy hands, dear Jeſus, were not arm'd,
With a revenging rod;
No hard commiſſion to perform,
The vengeance of a God.

But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forſook the throne;
When Chriſt on the kind errand came,
And brought ſalvation down.

Here, ſinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your ſorrows dry;
Truſt in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you ſhall never die.

O deareſt Lord, melt down our ſouls,
T' accept thine offer'd grace;
Then will we bleſs the Saviour's love,
And give the Father praiſe.

## CXII. *The ſame,*

RAISE your triumphant ſongs,
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth reſound the deeds,
Celeſtial grace has done.

Sing how eternal love,
Its chief Beloved choſe;
And bid him raiſe our wretched race,
From their abyſs of woes.

His hand no thunder bears,
No terror cloaths his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty ſouls,
To fiercer flames below.

'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When Chriſt was ſent with pardons down,
To rebels doom'd to die.

Now ſinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeleſs ſorrows ceaſe;

Bow to the ſceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

Lord, we obey the call;
We lay an humble claim,
To the ſalvation thou haſt brought,
And love and praiſe thy name.

CXIII. *Welcoming Chriſt to our Hearts.*

WE magnify thy grace, O Lord;
How plenteouſly haſt thou prepar'd,
A ſupper for thy ſaints!
All things are ready, thou haſt ſaid,
A table thou haſt richly ſpread,
To anſwer all our wants.

Now, Lord, allure our ſouls to thee,
O kindly bid us come and ſee,
And taſte how good thou art;
Knock with the hammer of thy word,
Knock by thy powerful Spirit, Lord,
Lord break into each heart.

Darkneſs and unbelief remove,
And raviſh all our ſouls with love,
Caſt out the power of ſin;
Jeſus attend our feeble prayer,
And for thyſelf our hearts prepare,
Come in, our Lord, come in.

Let comfort, love, and joy, and peace,
Like rivers flow, and ſtill encreaſe,

Unto the ocean driven;
Lord, condeſcend to ſup with me,
And grant I now may ſup with thee,
And ſup at laſt in heaven.

## CXIV.

*Repentance flowing from the Patience of God.*

AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundleſs, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!

The burden of our weighty guilt,
Would ſink us down to flames;
While threatening vengeance rolls above,
To cruſh our feeble frames.

Almighty goodneſs cries, "Forbear,"
And ſtraight the thunder ſtays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our ſin;
O that our hearts may bleed to ſee,
What rebels we have been!

No more our luſts, may ye command,
No more may we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

## CXV. *Acceſs to God by a Mediator.*

COME let us lift our joyful eyes,
Up to the courts above;
And ſmile to ſee our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

Once 'twas a ſeat of dreadful wrath,
And ſhot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd conſuming fire,
And vengeance was his name.

Rich were the drops of Jeſu's blood,
That calm'd his frowning face;
That ſprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his ſeat,
Nor double flaming ſword.

The peaceful gates of heavenly bliſs,
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raiſe our notes of praiſe,
And reach th' almighty throne.

To thee ten thouſand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

## CXVI. *The darkneſs of Providence.*

LORD, we adore thy vaſt deſigns,
Th' obſcure abyſs of Providence;
Too deep to ſound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble ſenſe.

Now thou array'ſt thine awful face,
In angry frowns without a ſmile;
Saints, tho' the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compaſſion ſtill.

Thro' ſeas and ſtorms of deep diſtreſs,
They ſail by faith, and not by ſight,
Faith guides them in the wilderneſs,
Thro' all the dangers of the night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted rod,
Reſolve to ſcourge us here below,
Still we muſt lean upon our God,
Thine arm ſhall bear us ſafely thro'.

## CXVII. *Chriſt's Blood and Abel's contraſted.*

BLOOD has a voice to pierce the ſkies,
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear ſtream, when Chriſt was ſlain,
Spake peace as loud, from every vein.

Pardon and peace, from God on high,
Behold, he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels, that deſerve his ſword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice;
Now he appears before our God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

CXVIII. *Benefit of Public Ordinances.*

AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait, and worship near thy seat.

Lord in the temple of thy grace,
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayer bears a quick return,
Of blessings in variety.

Father, our souls would still abide,
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if our feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in each heart.

CXIX. *Original Guilt and Depravity.*

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the Man whose guilty fall,
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant-breath,
The ſeeds of ſin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

Behold we fall before thy face,
Our only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make us clean,
The leproſy lies deep within.

Jeſus, our God, thy blood alone,
Hath power ſufficient to atone;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make our down-caſt hearts rejoice.

## CXX. *The Offices of Chriſt.*

WE bleſs the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jeſus, thy Spirit and thy word,
Shall lead us in thy ways.

We reverence our High-prieſt above,
Who offer'd up his blood;
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

We honour our exalted King;
How ſweet are his commands!
He guards our ſouls from hell, and ſin,
By his almighty hands.

Hoſanna to his glorious name,
Who ſaves by different ways

His mercies lay a ſovereign claim,
To our immortal praiſe.

## CXXI. *Faith in Chriſt the Lamb of God.*

NOT all the blood of beaſts,
On Jewiſh altars ſlain,
Could give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away the ſtain.

But Chriſt the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our ſins away;
A ſacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

My faith would lay her hand,
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I ſtand,
And there confeſs my ſin.

My ſoul looks back to ſee,
The burdens thou didſt bear,
When hanging on th' accurſed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice,
To ſee the curſe remove;
We bleſs the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And ſing his bleeding love.

## CXXII. *God reconciled in Chriſt.*

DEAREST of all the names above,
Our Jeſus and our God,

Who can reſiſt thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

'Tis by the merits of thy death,
The Father ſmiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

'Till God in human fleſh I ſee,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, juſt, and ſacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begin;
His name forbids my ſlaviſh fear,
His grace removes my ſin.

While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wiſdom boaſt,
I love th' incarnate myſtery,
And there I fix my truſt.

## CXXIII. *Loſt Sinners befriended.*

DISCIPLES of Chriſt,
Ye friends of the Lamb,
Attend and aſſiſt,
In ſinging his fame;
Eternal thankſgiving,
The faithful ſhould pay—
The living, the living—
As we do this day.

When bleeding we lay,
Condemn'd and undone,
A body of clay,
He humbly put on;
And in it endured,
The wrath to us due;
The curſe we incurred,
Our ſtripes and our woe.

Not only he dy'd,
But alſo aroſe;
Laid weakneſs aſide,
And all of his foes,
(Sin, death, and the devil)
He triumphed o'er;
And every evil,
Dominion and power.

O merciful Lamb,
Who ſit'ſt on the throne,
We bow at thy name,
We count thee alone,
Deſerving our bleſſing,
And bleſſing we'll give;
Without ever ceaſing,
As long as we live.

## CXXIV. *Adult Baptiſm.*

DESCEND, celeſtial Dove,
In every boſom dwell;
Upon the preſent water move,
While we the influence feel.

Anoint with holy fire,
Baptize with purging flames
This foul, and with thy grace inſpire,
In ceaſeleſs living ſtreams.

Thy heavenly unction give,
Thy promiſe, Lord, fulfil;
Give power thy Spirit to receive,
And ſtrength to do thy will.

Thy ord'nance we obey,
O meet us in the ſame;
And with the water now convey,
The virtues of thy name.

Witneſs to this thy ſign,
And grant the inward grace;
Let this thy ſervant, ſeal'd for thine,
From hence depart in peace.

## CXXV. *Infant Baptiſm.*

THUS did the ſons of Abr'ham paſs,
Under the bloody ſeal of grace;
The young diſciples bore the yoke,
'Till Chriſt the painful bondage broke.

By milder ways doth Jeſus prove,
His Father's cov'nant and his love;
He ſeals to ſaints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant-race.

Their ſeed is ſprinkl'd with his blood,
Their children ſet apart to God;

His Spirit on their offspring ſhed,
Like water pour'd upon their head.

Let every ſaint with chearful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abr'ham praiſe.

## CXXVI. *Repentance.*

LORD, we would ſpread our ſore diſtreſs,
And guilt before thine eyes;
Againſt thy laws, againſt thy grace,
How high our crimes ariſe!

Should'ſt thou condemn our ſouls to hell,
And cruſh our fleſh to duſt,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth muſt own it juſt.

Cleanſe us O Lord, and chear each ſoul,
With thy forgiving love;
O make our broken ſpirits whole,
And bid our pains remove.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive us from thy face;
Create a-new our vicious hearts,
And fill them with thy grace.

## CXXVII. *Awakened Sinners invited to Jeſus.*

YE ſerious ſouls draw near,
My ſong of Jeſus hear;

Roll'd in blood his garments ſhine,
See him glorioufly divine ;
On his hands your names appear,
Come with me, his kingdom ſhare.

Rivers of pleaſures flow,
From him for you to know;
You, who for your Saviour mourn;
You, by blood and water born ;
You, who glad the word receive;
You, who in his name believe.

Th' exalted Saviour view,
He liv'd and dy'd for you ;
He for you came down from God,
Shed for you his vital blood;
This, the Lamb for ſinners ſlain,
Guilty ſouls, *Behold the Man.*

Ye heavy laden, come,
His arms ſhall make you room;
He, the fruit of Jeſſe's ſtem,
Calls you to the living ſtream ;
Perfect ſoundneſs it imparts,
To your bleeding, broken hearts.

Ye fearful come away—
Now's th' accepted day ;
Now draw near, his mercies taſte,
Let your ſins on him be caſt ;
Bold approach, for he ſhall bear,
All your burdens, all your care.

However vile and baſe,
May be your preſent caſe,
Jeſus calls you to his breaſt—
Here the weary ſhall find reſt;
Come with me and you ſhall prove,
Boundleſs pleaſure in his love.

## CXXVIII. *Latter Day Glory.*

SAVIOUR of the world, attend,
Hearken to thy people's moan!
Art thou not the ſinner's friend?
Art thou not their friend alone?
Then thine ear incline,
While they for redemption cry;
Think upon that word of thine,
" Your redemption draweth nigh.

[Hear'ſt thou not the many prayers,
Offer'd by the church, with thee?
See'ſt thou not the thouſand tears,
Pour'd before thy majeſty;
Mark'ſt thou not the groans?
Mind'ſt thou not the yearnings great,
Of thy ranſom'd little-ones,
Proſtrate round thy mercy-ſeat?

Is it nothing, Lord, to thee,
That ſo many years they've cry'd?
Muſt their ſuit unanſwer'd be,
Shall their prayers be ſtill deny'd?

For thy mercy's ſake,
Turn thou the captivity,
Bring the baniſh'd brethren back,
Lord, unite them all in thee.]

Be the captive exile loos'd,
Lord, the Jubilee proclaim;
All who liberty refus'd,
Let them call upon thy name;
Whoſo calls on thee,
Shall deliverance gladly prove;
Shall thy ſpoil, dear Jeſus, ſee,
Monuments that thou art love.

[Let thy blood's ſo boundleſs power,
Wide as the creation reach;
Sweetly loud from ſhore to ſhore,
Thine eternal mercy preach;
Let the ranſom'd ſeed
Hear, and to thy temple flow;
All for whom thou'ſt deign'd to bleed,
Let them thy ſalvation know.]

Lift thy enſign very high,
Let thy bloody croſs be ſeen,
Let thy ſcarlet banners fly,
Glorious in the ſight of men;
Sound the angel loud,
"Now begins the Jubilee,
"Now ſalvation comes from God,
"All the nations ſhall it ſee!"

## CXXIX. *The Same.*

HOW many years have we been driven,
Out from our Eden, from our heaven,
Lord, it is time that thou reſtore,
Thy wandering church to roam no more.

[Six thouſand years are nearly paſt,
Since Adam from thy ſight was caſt;
So long ago his fallen race,
From age to age were void of peace.

Priſoners in houſes made of clay,
And out of ſight of heavenly day,
They cannot chuſe but daily mourn,
'Till they from baniſhment return.]

When will the happy trump proclaim,
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
When ſhall the captive troops be free,
And keep th' eternal Jubilee?

[Haſten, O God, in every land,
Send thou thine angels, and command;
"Go, ſound deliv'rance—loudly blow,
"Salvation to the ſaints below."]

We want to have the day appear,
The promis'd great Sabbatic year;
When, far from grief, and ſin, and hell,
Iſrael in ceaſeleſs peace ſhall dwell.

'Till then we will not let thee reſt,
Thou ſtill ſhalt hear our ſtrong requeſt;
And this our daily prayer ſhall be,
Lord ſound the trump of Jubilee.

## CXXX. *A Prayer for its ſpeedy Approach.*

SAVIOUR, King, aſſume thy power,
Thou that art the conqueror;
Lead thy promis'd glory on,
Bring the nations to thy throne.

Japheth's iſles do bleſs thy name,
Let the weſt thy worth proclaim;
Wash the Ethiopian clean,
In the eaſt new ſigns be ſeen.

Great the band of thoſe be found,
Who proclaim the joyful ſound;
Let it to thy Iſrael come,
Let it bring the wanderers home.

To the brightneſs of thy face,
Fly in troops the ſuppliant race;
Princes ſhall adorn the train,
Monarchs bow, and bleſs thy reign.

When, like lightning thro' the ſkies,
Will thy latter glory riſe?
When ſhall we behold thy power?
When ſalute th' accompliſh'd hour?

Quickly, Lord, thy triumphs bring,
Tongues and kindreds wait to ſing;
Then ſhall all the choſen race,
Shout aloud redeeming grace.

Hallelujah.

## CXXXI. *Divine Sovereignty.*

OUR God reigns, ye lands, rejoice;
Lift, ye Iſles, a thankful voice;
Every throne, by one controul'd,
Well ſecures the paſſive world.

Higher than the ſons of pride,
He bids raging waves ſubſide;
Whatev'er ſtriſes the nations fill,
The whole centres in his will.

How unfathomably wiſe!
Beauteous to his counſel lies!
Every way his will is done,
Every way his juſtice ſhewn.

Thoughts are vain againſt the Lord,
All ſubſerve his ſtanding word;
Satan lets, and men object,
Yet the thing they thwart, effect.

Subjects of the Lord be bold,
Jeſus will his kingdom hold!
Wheels incircling wheels muſt run,
Each in place to bring it on.

Bleſt is faith that truſts his power,
Bleſt are ſaints that wait his hour;
Haſte, great conqueror, bring it near,
Let the glorious cloſe appear.

Hallelujah.

## CXXXII. *Meekneſs of Chriſt.*

WHO hath our report believed?
Shiloh come is not received,
Not received by his own;
Promis'd branch, from root of Jeſſe,
David's offspring, ſent to bleſs ye,
Comes too meekly to be known.

Tell me, O thou favour'd nation,
What is thy fond expectation?
Some fair, ſpreading lofty tree?
Let not worldly pride confound thee,
Mong the lowly plants around thee,
Mark the loweſt—that is HE.

Bleſſed be the power who gave us,
Freely gave his Son to ſave us,
Bleſs'd the Son who freely came;
Honour, bleſſing, adoration,
Ever, from the whole creation,
Be to God and to the Lamb!

## CXXXIII. *Fifth of November.*

SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys,
Thro' the whole nation run;
Ye Britiſh ſkies, reſound the noiſe,
Beyond the riſing ſun.

Thee, mighty God, our ſouls admire,
Thee our glad voices ſing;
And join with the celeſtial choir,
To praiſe the eternal King.

Thy power the whole creation rules,
And on the ſtarry ſkies,
Sits ſmiling at the weak deſigns,
Thine envious foes deviſe.

Thy ſcorn derides their feeble rage,
And, with an awful frown,
Flings vaſt confuſion on their plots,
And ſhakes their Babel down.

Almighty grace defend our land,
From their malicious power;
Let Britain with united ſongs,
Almighty grace adore.

## CXXXIV. *New Year's Day.*

THE Lord of earth and ſky,
The God of ages praiſe;
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endleſs days;
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And ſpares us yet another year!

Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holineſs,
On our dead ſouls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy ſpare,
Another, and another year!

When juſtice bar'd the ſword,
To cut the fig-tree down,

The pity of our Lord,
Cry'd "Let it ſtill alone;"
The Father mild inclin'd his ear,
And ſpar'd us yet another year.

Jeſus, thy ſpeaking blood,
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath beſtow'd,
On us a longer ſpace;
Thou didſt in our behalf appear,
And lo, we ſee another year.

Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit,
To thy great praiſe abound;
O let us all thy praiſe declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

## CXXXV. *Britain's Praiſe to God.*

NATURE with all her power ſhall ſing,
God the Creator, and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor ſkies, nor ſeas,
Deny the tribute of their praiſe.

Begin to make his glories known,
Ye ſeraphs, who ſurround his throne;
Tune your harps high, and ſpread the ſound,
To the creation's utmoſt bound.

All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilſt with our ſouls and with our voice,
We ſing his honours, and our joys.

He builds and guards the Britiſh throne,
And makes it gracious, like his own;
Makes our ſucceſſive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.

Raiſe monumental praiſes high,
To him that thunders thro' the ſky;
The ſtrongeſt notes that angels raiſe,
Faint in the worſhip and the praiſe.

## CXXXVI. *Prayer for the King.*

LORD thou, haſt bid thy people pray,
For all that bear the ſovereign ſway,
And thy vicegerents reign;
Rulers, and governors, and powers,
And lo, in faith, we pray for ours,
Nor can we pray in vain.

Jeſus, thy choſen ſervant guard,
And every threat'ning danger ward,
From his anointed head;
Bid all his griefs and troubles ceaſe,
And through the path of heavenly peace,
To life eternal lead.

Cover his enemies with ſhame,
Defeat their dire malicious aim,
Their baffled hopes deſtroy;
But ſhower on him thy bleſſings down,
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlaſting joy.

To hoary hairs be thou his God,
Late may he ſee that high abode,
Late to his heaven remove;
Of virtues full, and happy days,
Accounted worthy, by thy grace,
To fill a throne above.

And when thou doſt his ſoul receive,
O give us in his offspring, give
Us back our king again;
Preſerve them, Providence divine,
And let their long illuſtrious line,
To lateſt ages reign.

Secure us of his royal race,
A man to ſtand before thy face,
And exerciſe thy power;
With wealth, proſperity, and peace,
Our nation and our church to bleſs,
'Till time ſhall be no more.

## CXXXVII. *Social Worſhip.*

WHO can have greater cauſe to ſing,
Who greater cauſe to bleſs,
Than we the children of our King,
Than we who Chriſt poſſeſs?
*Than we who Chriſt poſſeſs?*
*Than we who Chriſt poſſeſs?*

With angel-hoſts, dear Lamb, we join,
To praiſe thy love and power;
To magnify thy grace divine,
Thou mighty Counſellor; Thou, &c.

We late were Satan's captives led,
And hell had been our end,
Had'ſt thou not for our pardon bled,
Thou ſinner's only friend; Thou, &c.

For this we ſtill employ our tongue,
Nor ſhall our praiſes ceaſe;
We evermore will ſing that ſong,
The Lord our righteouſneſs; The, &c.

No other God we know but thee,
None elſe did us create;
Thy glory may we ever be,
O holy Advocate! O holy, &c.

'Twas thou, 'twas only thou did'ſt take,
The Mediator's place,
When we the Father's ſtatutes brake—
All hail, thou Prince of Peace! All hail, &c

We daily prove thee ſtill the ſame,
Whene'er our need we ſee;
Thou beareſt ſtill a Saviour's name,
Our Saviour thou ſhalt be; Our, &c.

No law, nor ſin, nor hell, nor death,
Shall us from thee divide;
Strongly we hold that precious faith,
For us our Saviour dy'd; For us, &c.

## CXXXVIII. *Chriſtian Pilgrim.*

RISE, my ſoul, and ſtretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Riſe from tranſitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and ſtars decay,
Time ſhall ſoon this earth remove;
Riſe, my ſoul, and haſte away,
To ſeats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor ſtay in all their courſe;
Fire aſcending ſeeks the ſun,
Both ſpeed them to their ſource;

So a ſoul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To reſt in his embrace.

Ceaſe ye Pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn,
Preſs onwards to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the ſkies:
Yet a ſeaſon, and you know,
Happy enterance will be given;
All our ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

## CXXXIX. *Imitation of Jeſus.*

COME, my Father's family,
Ye ranſom'd of the Lord,
Come, ye ſinners, who with me,
Are every-where abhor'd,
Let us gladly trace his ſteps,
Who ſuffer'd death among the Jews;
Whom the friendleſs ſoul accepts,
Whom all beſide refuſe.

Jeſus, the diſpis'd and mean,
Our maſter let us own;
He the ſacrifice for ſin,
The Saviour he alone:
Let us take, and bear his croſs,
Deſpis'd diſciples let us be;

Mock'd and ſlighted, as he was,
For you my, friends, and me.

None but Jeſus will we ſing,
None elſe will we adore:
He our Prophet, Prieſt, and King,
Shall be for evermore:
None among the heavenly powers,
Nor one on earth, our praiſe may claim,
None but Jeſus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb.

## CXL. *Saints highly diſtinguiſhed.*

COME, ye lovers of the Lamb,
join in publiſhing his fame;
Let the whole ſociety,
Sing our Saviour's clemency.

Who like us ſo favour'd are?
We the Lord's peculiar care!
We the precious ſons of God,
Dearly purchas'd by his blood!

Who can make their boaſt like us?
Who hath e'er been honour'd thus?
We can boaſt, for we are made,
Kings and Prieſts in Chriſt our head!

Jeſus, when we all were poor,
Out of love's eternal ſtore,
Gave to each of us a crown,
Gave us manſions near his throne.

[He ne'er leaves us deſolate,
While we're in our pilgrim ſtate;
Here he talks with us, and we,
Him by faith's perſpective ſee.

Him we commune with by prayers,
Well perſuaded us he hears;
Sure we do not pray in vain,
He kind anſwers gives again.]

Beſt of friends the Lord we prove,
He ne'er changes in his love;
Faithful, gracious, good, the ſame,
Find we is our Lord the Lamb.

[Evermore we ſing to thee,
High exalted Deity;
Bleſs we thee, eternal Son,
Glory be to thee alone.]

## CXLI. *Chriſt our Melchiſedec.*

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No muſic like thy charming name,
Nor half ſo ſweet can be.

O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us ſpeak;
And in our Prieſt will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchiſedec.

Our Jeſus ſhall be ſtill our theme,
While in this world we ſtay;

We'll ſing our Jeſu's lovely name,
When all things elſe decay.

When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we ſing more ſweet, more loud,
And Chriſt ſhall be our ſong.

## CXLII. *Holy Emulation.*

LOVING Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Author of our unity,
Making wars and jarrings ceaſe,
Cauſing men, tho' foes, t'agree,
Kindly rule in us;
Make us happily go on,
Helping each to bear his croſs,
Stedfaſt 'till our work is done.

Let us, like a flock of ſheep,
Cloſe together perſevere;
True by one another keep,
Each eſteeming very dear,
All together move;
Truly ſubject be the whole,
Bound in bands of trueſt love,
One in heart, in mind, and ſoul.

May we all one faith maintain,
One ſole doctrine witneſs too;
Chriſt the Lord our God was ſlain,
Slain for us, and this is true—
He will our dear portion be;

He who on Mount Calvary dy'd,
Jeſus, Jeſus only he.

Strive we who ſhall love thee moſt,
Who ſhall moſt in faith excel;
Who can of the Saviour boaſt,
Who can moſt of Jeſus tell:
This employ us all,
Daily this contend we for;
Daily 'till the Lamb ſhall call,
Proſp'ring daily more and more.

Let us hand in hand proceed,
Little loving children be;
Dead to ſin, to all things dead,
But alive, dear Lamb, to thee;
So continue firm;
While beneath us thou wilt lay,
Thine eternal out-ſtretch'd arm,
Till we wake in endleſs day.

## CXLIII. *Great Virtue of Chriſt's Blood.*

BLOOD of Jeſu's wounds, how good,
Sounds it in our ears and hearts?
Nothing, ſurely, like that blood,
Can ſuch ſolid bliſs impart;
Oh! 'tis moſt divine!
Weary ſinners hither fly,
Laden with their crimſon ſin,
This blots out the dreadful dye.

Ye who have the law obey'd,
Ye who righteouſneſs t' attain,
Earneſtly by works eſſay'd,
But have found your ſtrife in vain;
Turn ye to Chriſt's blood,
Thither look, and ye no more,
Shall lament an abſent God,
Or your dreadful ſtate deplore.

Whoſo after reſt enquires,
Let him to his blood approach;
Whoſo truly peace deſires,
Jeſu's blood affordeth much;
Be perſuaded then —
Lift ye up your downcaſt eyes,
See the Saviour bleeding, ſlain;
There thy reſt, poor ſinner, lies.

Here may we take up our place,
Here for ever happy be;
Here wrap up our bluſhing face,
Seeking nought beſide to ſee;
Here we now ſit down,
Truſting in his blood, and prove,
What the Lord for us hath done—
Who can fully tell his love!

## CXLIV *Te Deum.*

WE ſing to thee, thou Son of God,
Who ſav'dſt us by thy grace;
*We praiſe thee, Son of Man, whoſe blood,*
*Redeem'd our fallen race.*

We thee acknowledge God and Lord,
Father, ere time began;
*Thou art by heaven and earth ador'd,*
*Worthy o'er both to reign.*

To thee all angels cry aloud,
Thro' heaven's extended coaſts;
*Hail, holy, holy, holy God,*
*Of all immortal hoſts!*

The cherubim and ſeraphim,
Are always praiſing thee;
*The worlds, and all the powers therein,*
*Adore thy majeſty.*

The prophets, goodly fellowſhip,
In milky garments dreſs'd,
*Praiſe thee, thou holy God, and reap,*
*The fulneſs of thy reſt.*

Th' apoſtles' glorious company,
Thy righteous praiſe proclaim;
*The martyr'd army glorify,*
*Thy everlaſting name.*

Thro' all the world thy churches join,
T' acknowledge thee the head;
*Father of majeſty divine,*
*Who every power haſt made.*

Alſo thy true and only Son,
Thy family confeſs;
*King of thy ſaints, to us made known,*
*The Lord our righteouſneſs.*

Alſo the Holy Ghoſt we praiſe,
The Spirit of the Lord;
*The Comforter, whoſe kindling rays,*
*Our dying ſouls reſtor'd.*

CXLV. *Emulation in praiſing Chriſt.*

RISE O ye ſeed of David, riſe,
Daughters of Zion, ſing;
*Up, ſons of Jacob, Jeſus praiſe,*
*Salute th' auſpicious King.*

Our ſouls ariſe, and may our tongues,
Be tun'd to praiſe the Lamb;
*So ready be our ranſom'd throngs,*
*To magnify thy name.*

Why ſtay we then? the Lord extol;
Zion, break forth in praiſe;
*Ye in every heavenly minded ſoul,*
*In pure ſeraphic lays.*

Open, ye everlaſting doors,
Divide, ye gates of bliſs;
*We with dominions, thrones, and powers,*
*Praiſe Chriſt our righteouſneſs.*

CXLVI. *Saints imitating Angels.*

LET us, the ſheep by Jeſus nam'd,
Our Shepherd's mercy bleſs;
*Let us, whom Jeſus hath redeem'd,*
*Shew forth our thankfulneſs.*

Not unto us, to thee alone,
Bleſs'd Lamb, be glory given;
*Here ſhall thy Praiſes be begun,*
*And carry'd on in heaven.*

The hoſts of ſpirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems ſing;
*To imitate them here, lo! we,*
*Our hallelujahs bring.*

Had we our tongues like theirs inſpir'd,
Like theirs our ſongs ſhould riſe;
*Like them we never ſhould be tir'd,*
*But love the Sacrifice.*

'Till we the veil of fleſh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
*And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,*
*We'll join in nobler praiſe.*

## CXLVII. *A Dialogue.*

TELL us, O women, we would know,
Whither ſo faſt ye move?
*We, call'd to leave the world below,*
*Are ſeeking one above.*

Whence came ye, ſay, and what the place,
That ye are trav'lling from?
*From tribulation we, thro' grace,*
*Are now returning home.*

Is not your native country here?
Like you not this abode?

*We ſeek a better country far,*
*A city built by God.*

Thither we travel, nor intend,
Short of that bliſs to reſt;
*Nor we till, in the ſinner's Friend,*
*Our weary ſouls are bleſs'd.*

Friends of the bridegroom we ſhall reign,
Saviour, we aſk no more;
*Hail, Lamb of God, for ſinners ſlain,*
*Whom heaven and earth adore!*

## CXLVIII. *Reſting under the Croſs.*

CHILDREN of Iſrael, ſee what ſhade,
The croſs doth us afford;
*It was for weary trav'llers made,*
*We thank thee for it, Lord.*

A while ſit down, and we'll prepare,
To ſing his worthy fame;
*Who to redeem us ſojourn'd here,*
*Chriſt Jeſus is his name.*

We ſing thy ſufferings, wounds, and blood,
The virtue of thy pain;
*We ſing thy griefs, thou Son of God,*
*Thou Lamb for ſinners ſlain.*

We hail thee, thou, by Jews revil'd,
To thee we bow the knee;
*Hail! very God, the promis'd child,*
*The prophets ſang of thee.*

While others praiſe an unknown God,
We each will ſing of thee;
*Jeſus has waſh'd me in his blood,*
*And liv'd and dy'd for me.*

## CXLIX. *Imitating Saints above.*

ONCE ſlaughter'd, now exalted Lamb,
We ſing to thy eternal name,
The whole aſſembly join;
To yonder harpers harps we tune,
Our ſolemn ſongs, and round the throne,
We ſing the Man divine.

Our poor unmeet Society,
Mix with the happy company,
Of chriſtians gone before;
And as they bleſs Meſſiah's blood,
We imitate their ſong, and God,
The holy Lamb, adore.

Brethren and ſiſters all agree,
To ſing, he liv'd and dy'd for me;
I thank him for his grace;
Quickly thy chariot, Lord, ſend down,
To bear us to the with'd for throne,
Where we may ſee thy face.

Or if thou here wouldſt have us ſtay,
A longer ſpace, lo! we obey;
Only let us be ſure,
That heaven is ours, die when we will,
And let thy ſpir't be with us ſtill,
And we'll deſire no more.

## CL. *Privileges of God's Children.*

BLESSED are the ſons of God,
They are bought with jeſu's blood;
They are ranſom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they ſhall have.

God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the ſeal of this receive,
When on Jeſus they believe.

They are juſtify'd by grace,
They enjoy a ſolid peace;
All their ſins are waſh'd away,
They ſhall ſtand in God's great day.

They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteouſneſs;
They are harmleſs, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.

They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth;
Born of God, they hate all ſin,
God's pure ſeed remains within.

They have fellowſhip with God,
Thro' the Mediator's blood;
One with God, with Jeſus one—
Glory is in them begun.

Tho' they ſuffer much on earth,
Strangers quite to this world's mirth,

Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleaſures which can never cloy.

They alone are truly bleſt,
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Chriſt;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

## CLI. *Godlineſs the greateſt Gain.*

HO, pilgrims, (if ye pilgrims be),
We want to join with you;
*Poor chriſtian-travellers are we,*
*To Canaan's land we go.*

No peace (tho' we have ſought) we find,
In any country here;
*'Twas therefore we left all behind,*
*Wealth, name, and character.*

We ne'er ſuch pleaſure knew before,
As now in him we know;
*Peace, ſince our Saviour's croſs we bore,*
*Like rivers in us flow.*

Let others then delight them here—
Their trifles we deſpiſe;
*The heavenly kingdom we prefer—*
*The bliſs of paradiſe.*

Then joyful let us journey on,
To certain reſt above;
*Singing to him on yonder throne,*
*Of free electing love.*

## CLII. *Godly Emulation;* A Dialogue.

BRETHREN, ſing—'tis right you ſhould,
Sing our Saviour's precious blood;
*Daughters of Jeruſalem,*
*Join we willingly the theme.*

Shout for joy, ye happy men,
Lo, for you the Lamb was ſlain!
*Highly favour'd women praiſe*
*Jeſus, in celeſtial lays.*

Hail, redeeming Lamb, who late,
Suffer'd death without the gate;
*Hail! for by thy death and croſs,*
*Thou haſt purchas'd heaven for us.*

None but Jeſus will we ſing,
None but Jeſus, Iſrael's King;
*None but Jeſus will we laud,*
*None but Chriſt our Lord and God.*

Worthy, holy Lamb, art thou,
Praiſe to have, and honour too;
*Worthy thou of bliſs and power,*
*Now henceforth, and evermore.*

## CLIII. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a ſong of ſweet accord,
And thus ſurround the throne.

The ſorrows of the mind,
Be baniſh'd from this place;
Religion never was deſign'd,
To make our pleaſures leſs.

The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields,
A thouſand ſacred ſweets;
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

Then let our ſongs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

CLIV. *Wiſdom of God Fooliſhneſs with Men.*

O SAVIOUR, thou thy myſteries,
Haſt often cover'd from the wiſe,
And babes thy glory ſhew'd;
Thy wiſdom far ſurpaſſes all,
That ſtudious mortals wiſdom call,
Thou holy Lamb of God.

The nat'ral man cannot conceive,
The glorious things which we believe,
How thou didſt us redeem;

The things thy Spirit teaches us,
The merits of thy blood and croſs,
Are fooliſhneſs to him.

They this world's wiſdom ſeek and gain,
That wiſdom which thou calleſt vain,
But ah, are ſtrangers ſtill,
To that which makes our ſpirits wiſe,
And ſets before our wai ing eyes,
What is our Saviour's will.

Thrice happy then are we who prove,
The peace of God, his truth, and love,
Things freely to us given;
Theſe earneſts are of greater bliſs,
The earneſts of that happineſs,
Which we ſhall have in heaven.

## CLV. *The Triumph of Faith.*

HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
'Til thou appear, thy members here,
Shall ſing like thoſe in glory;
We liſt our hearts and voices,
With bleſt anticipation;
And cry aloud, and give to God,
The praiſe of our ſalvation.

While in affliction's furnace,
And paſſing thro' the fire,
Thy love we praiſe, which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher;

We clap our hands, exulting,
In thine almighty favour;
The love divine, which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou doſt conduct thy people,
Thro' torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, whilſt thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
The world, with ſin and ſatan,
In vain our march oppoſes;
By thee we ſhall, break thro' them all,
And ſing the ſong of Moſes.

By faith we ſee the glory,
To which thou ſhalt reſtore us;
The croſs deſpiſe, for that high prize,
Which thou haſt ſet before us;
And, if thou count us worthy,
We, each as dying Stephen,
Shall ſee thee ſtand, at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

## CLVI. *Chriſt a King.*

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and ſing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

Jeſus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above: Lift up, &c.

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell,
Are to our Jeſus given: Lift up, &c.

He ſits at God's right hand,
'Till all his foes ſubmit;
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet: Lift up, &c.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jeſus the Judge ſhall come,
And take his ſervants up,
To their eternal home:
We ſoon ſhall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God ſhall ſound, Rejoice.

CLVII. *Chriſtians united in Love.*

GIVER of concord, Prince of Peace,
Meek lamb-like Son of God,
Expel our unruly paſſions ceaſe,
And quench them with thy blood.

Us into cloſeſt union draw,
And in our inward parts,
Let kindneſs ſweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.

O let thy love our hearts conſtrain,
Jeſus the crucify'd;
What haſt thou done our hearts to gain?
Languiſh'd, and groan'd and dy'd!

Who would not now purſue the way,
Where Jeſu's footſteps ſhine?
Who would not own the pleaſing ſway,
Of charity divine?

O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move;
And force the heathen world to ſay,
"See how theſe chriſtians love!"

## CLVIII. Communion of saints.

### Part I. *Their Love to Jeſus.*

COME, and let us ſweetly join,
Chriſt to praiſe in hymns divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Strive we, in affection ſtrive,
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd—
Dying champions for their God.

Sing we then in Jeſu's name,
Now, as yeſterday the ſame;
One in every age and place,
Full of love, of truth and grace;
Chriſt is now gone up on high,
Thither may our wiſhes fly;

Sits at God's right-hand above,
There with him we reign in love.

CLVIX. Part II. *Their Love to each other.*

PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up;
Jointly let us riſe and ſing,
Chriſt our Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
Monuments of Jeſu's grace,
Speak we by our lives his praiſe;
Walk in him we have receiv'd,
Shew we've not in vain believ'd.

While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth ſtill unite;
Deareſt fellowſhip we prove,
Fellowſhip of Jeſu's love;
Sweetly each with each combin'd,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feel the cleanſing blood apply'd,
Daily feel that Chriſt hath dy'd.

Still, O Lord, our faith increaſe,
Cleanſe from all unrighteouſneſs;
Thee, th' unholy cannot ſee;
Make, O make us meet for thee
Every vile affection kill,
Free our ſouls from every ill;
Conquer every inbred ſin,
Write thy law of love within.

Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Chriſt we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee;
Love thy image, love impart,
Stamp it fully on each heart;
Only love to us be given,
Lord, we aſk no other heaven.

## CLX. Part III. *Their common Privileges.*

FATHER, Son, and Spirit hear,
Faith's effectual fervent prayer;
Hear, and our petition ſeal,
Let us now the anſwer feel;
Myſtically one with thee,
Tranſcript of the Trinity;
Thee let all our nature own,
One in Three, and Three in One.

Build us in one body up,
Call'd in one high calling's hope;
One the Spirit whom we claim,
One the pure baptiſmal flame;
One the faith, and common Lord,
One the Father lives ador'd,
Over, thro', and in us all,
God incomprehenſible

One with God, the ſource of bliſs.
Ground of our communion this;
Life of all that live below,
Let thine emanations flow;

Life eternal in our heart;
Thou our only Eden art;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Be to us what Adam loſt.

CLXI. Part IV. *Their concern to be Unblameable.*

HUSBAND of thy church below,
Chriſt, if thee our Lord we know,
Unto thee, betroth'd in love,
Always faithful let us prove;
Never rob thee of our heart,
Never give the creature part;
Only thou poſſeſs the whole,
Take our body, ſpirit, ſoul.

Stedfaſt let us cleave to thee,
Love the myſtic union be,
Union to the world unknown,
Join'd to God, in ſpirit one;
Wait we 'till the ſpouſe ſhall come,
'Till the Lamb ſhall take us home;
For his heaven the bride prepare,
Solemnize our nuptials there.

Let it hence to all be known,
Thou art with thy Father one;
One with him in us be ſhew'd,
Very God of very God;
Sent our ſpirits to unite,
Sent to make us ſons of light;
Sent that we through grace may prove,
All the riches of his love.

CLXII. Part V. *They are one in Chriſt.*

CHRIST, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Comforting thy ſaints below,
Hear us, who thy nature ſhare,
Who thy myſtic body are;
Join us, in one ſpirit join,
Let us ſtill receive of thine;
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who filleſt all in all.

Move, and actuate, and guide,
Diverſe gifts to each divide;
Plac'd according to thy will,
Let us all our works fulfil;
Never from our office move,
Needful to the others prove;
Uſe the grace on each beſtow'd,
Temper'd by the bleſſed God.

Many are we now and one,
We who Jeſus have put on;
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee;
Love, like death, hath all deſtroy'd,
Render'd all diſtinctions void;
Names and ſects, and parties fall,
Thou, O Chriſt, art all in all!

CLXIII. Part VI.

*They are united to the Saints in Heaven.*

KING of ſaints, to whom are given,
All in earth, and all in heaven:
Reconcil'd thro' thee alone,
Join'd and gather'd into one,

Heirs of glory, ſons of grace,
Lo, to thee our hopes we raiſe;
Raiſe and fix our hopes on thee,
Full of immortality.

Abſent in our fleſh from home,
We are to Mount Sion come;
Heaven is no wour ſoul's abode,
City of the living God;
Enter'd there, our ſeats we claim,
In the new Jeruſalem:
Join the great angelic choir,
Greet the firſt-born ſons of fire.

We our elder-brethren meet,
We are made with them to ſit;
Sweeteſt fellowſhip we prove,
With the general church above;
Saints who now their names behold,
In the Book of Life enroll'd,
Spirits of the righteous, made
Perfect now in Chriſt their Head.

Life his healing blood imparts,
Sprinkled on our peaceful hearts;
Abel's blood for vengeance cry'd,
Jeſus ſpeaks us juſtify'd;
Speaks and calls for better things,
Makes us prophets, prieſts, and kings;
Aſks that we with him may reign,
Earth and heaven, will ſay, amen!

## CLXIV. *Saints Help each other.*

TRY us, O God, and ſearch the ground,
Of every ſinful heart;
Whate'er of ſin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we ſtray,
Reſtore us by thy grace;
And guide our feet into the way,
Of everlaſting peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's croſs to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
Our little ſtock improve;
Increaſe our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive the ready bride;
Give us in heaven, a happy lot,
With all the ſanctify'd.

## CLXV. *They Endeavour to imitate Chriſt.*

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyſelf the Prince of Peace,
Bid our jars for ever ceaſe.

By thy reconciling love,
Every ſtumbling-block remove;

Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and ſpread thy banner here.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us for each other care,
Each his brother's burden bare;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

Let us then with joy remove,
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

## CLXVI. *At Meeting.*

BLEST by Jeſu's providence,
Lo, we meet again in peace!
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet in a more glorious place.

When we once ſhall there arrive,
Ever happy we ſhall reign;
Ever with our Saviour live,
'Midſt a hoſt of perfect men.

There ſhall ſorrow not intrue,
Grief ſhall never there appear;
Waſh'd in our Redeemer's blood,
We ſhall ſtand made free from fear.

Come, dear fellows, joyful, come,
Forward boldly let us preſs;
Humbly let our ſouls preſume,
Truſt in Jeſu's righteouſneſs.

Pray we for the promis'd hour,
When the family complete,
Borne on clouds, and girt with power,
In the houſe above ſhall meet.

Maſter, haſten on the day,
Glorious to thy judgment come;
Call thy trav'ling ſaints away,
Lord, we long to be at home.

## CLXVII. *At Parting.*

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We ſtill are join'd in heart.

Join'd in one ſpirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go;
And ſtill in Jeſu's footſteps tread,
And do his work below.

O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beſide;
Nothing deſire, nothing eſteem,
But Jeſus crucify'd.

Cloſer and cloſer let us cleave,
To his belov'd embrac;

Expect his fulneſs to receive,
And grace to anſwer grace.

Then let us haſten to the day,
Which ſhall our fleſh reſtore;
When death ſhall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

CLXVIII. *Chriſt univerſally adored.*

WORTHY is Chriſt, our Paſchal Lamb,
Who bow'd his head, and bore our ſhame,
On God's eternal throne to reign;
For he for us, for us, was ſlain.

From every people, land, and tongue,
He calls his royal conqu'ring throng;
Let all thy hoſts thy grace confeſs,
And call thee, Lord our righteouſneſs.

We praiſe thee, thou whoſe Spirit reſts,
On us thy kings, on us thy prieſts;
Redeem'd to banquet with our God,
And bought and ranſom'd by his blood.

Let every ſpirit now with thee,
And all on earth, and all on ſea,
Thy wiſdom bleſs, and fill thy throne,
With worſhip due to thee alone.

Be power and riches ever thine,
And ſtrength and majeſty divine;
By every creature reign ador'd,
The only, everlaſting lord!

## CLXIX. *The Same.*

BRETHREN, let us join to bleſs
Jeſus Chriſt, our joy and peace;
Let our praiſe to him be given,
High at God's right-hand in heaven.

Maſter, ſee, to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only thou;
Thou, the bleſſed virgin's ſeed,
Glory of thy church and head.

Thee the angels ceaſeleſs ſing,
Thee we praiſe, our prieſt and king;
Worthy is thy name of praiſe,
Full of glory, full of grace.

Thou haſt the glad tidings brought,
Of ſalvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy church, and we
Worſhip in their company.

We, thy little flock, adore,
Thee, the Lord, for evermore;
Ever with us, ſhew thy love,
'Till we join with thoſe above.

## CLXX. *Propagation of the Goſpel.*

COME, divine Immanuel, come,
Take poſſeſſion of thy home;
Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land.

Carry on thy victory,
Spread thy rule from ſea to ſea;
Re-convert the ranſom'd race,
Save us, ſave us, Lord, by grace.

O that every ſoul might be,
Suddenly ſubdu'd to thee;
O that all in thee might know,
Everlaſting life below.

Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land;
Take poſſeſſion of thy home,
Come, divine Immanuel, come.

## CLXXI. *Rejoicing in Hope of Heaven.*

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, ſweetly ſing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we,
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

O ye baniſh'd ſeed be glad,
Chriſt our advocate is made!
Us to ſave, our fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our ſouls becomes!

Shout, ye little flock and bleſt,
Ye on Jeſu's throne ſhall reſt;

There your ſeat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful ſtand,
On the borders of your land;
Jeſus Chriſt, your Father's Son,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

Lord, obedient we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee.

## CLXXII. *Breathing after Holineſs.*

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jeſus, thou art all compaſſion!
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Viſit us with thy ſalvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breaſt;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd reſt;
Take away the love of ſinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always bleſſing,
Serve thee as thy hoſts above;
Pray, and praiſe thee without ceaſing,
Glory in thy precious love.

Finiſh then thy new creation,
Pure, unſpotted may we be;
Let us ſee thy great ſalvation,
Perfectly reſtor'd by thee:
Chang'd from glory into glory,
'Till in heaven we take our place!
'Till we caſt our crowns before thee,
Loſt in wonder, love, and praiſe.

## CLXXIII. *The Chriſtian Soldier.*

SOLDIERS of Chriſt, ariſe,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the ſtrength which God ſupplies,
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hoſts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the ſtrength of Jeſus truſts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in his great might,
With all his ſtrength endu'd;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts paſt,
You may o'ercome, thro' Chriſt alone,
And ſtand complete at laſt.

Jeſus hath dy'd for you;
What can his love withſtand?
Believe, hold faſt your ſhield, and who,
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jeſus reigns;
All power to him is given;
Believe, 'till, freed from nature's chains,
You're call'd from hence to heaven.

Your rock can never ſhake;
Hither, he ſaith, come up;
The helmet of ſalvation take—
The confidence of hope,
Hope for his perfect love,
Hope for his promis'd reſt,
Hope to ſit down with Chriſt above,
And ſhare the marriage-feaſt.

In fellowſhip alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, beſiege his throne,
With all the power of prayer;
Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his alter move;
Let every houſe his worſhip know,
And every heart his love.

From ſtrength to ſtrength go on,
Wreſtle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkneſs down,
And win the well-fought day;
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his ſoldiers, "Come;"
'Till Chriſt your Saviour ſhall draw nigh,
And take the conqu'rors home.

## CLXXIV. *Panting after God.*

THOU hidden love of God, whoſe height,
Whoſe depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I ſee from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I ſigh for thy repoſe;
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At reſt, till it finds reſt in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the ſun,
That ſtrives with thee my heart to ſhare?
Ah tear it thence, and reign alone!
The Lord of every motion there;
Then ſhall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repoſe in thee.

O hide this ſelf from me, that I
No more, but Chriſt in me may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling luſt ſurvive;
In all things nothing may I ſee,
Nothing deſire, or ſeek but thee.

Oh Love! thy ſovereign aid impart,
To ſave me from low-thoughted care;
Chaſe this ſelf-will thro' all my heart,
Thro' all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I,
Ceaſeleſs may, Abba, Father, cry.

Each moment draw from earth away,
My heart that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmoſt ſoul, and ſay,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all;
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taſte thy love, be all my choice.

## CLXXV. *Jeſus univerſally adored.*

O COME let us join, Together combine,
To praiſe our dear Saviour, our Maſter divine.

Him let us adore, Who, cover'd with gore,
Late hung upon Calv'ry, both wounded and poor.

He's worthily bleſs'd, By ſpirits at reſt,
Who once in this deſert, his godhead confeſs'd.

The heavenly ſpheres, Who ſaw him in tears,
Yea, every ſtrong angel, his perſon reverers.

The prophets who told, His ſufferings of old,
Sing loud hallelujahs, on pſalteries of gold.

The fathers to whom, He promis'd to come,
Now in his pavilion take up their long home.

The ſpirits of men, Who for him were ſlain,
From Abel the righteous, now ſhare in his reign.

Th' apoſtles who ſtood, reſiſting to blood,
For Jeſus's goſpel, rejoice in their God.

The martyrs no leſs, His mercies confeſs;
And Jeſus, who ſav'd them, they cheerfully bleſs.

Thou church of the Lamb, Unite in the ſame,
With ſaints, and with angels, now bleſs his
dear name.

My ſoul bear a part, For ranſom'd thou art,
By Jeſu's blood-ſhedding, his burial and ſmart.

To him that was ſlain, The ſcorn'd Nazarene,
Be glory and honour, let all ſay, Amen.

## CLXXVI. *Judgment.*

LO he cometh! countleſs trumpets,
Blow before the bloody ſign;
Midſt ten thouſand ſaints and angels,
See the crucified ſhine;
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb.

Now his merit, by the harpers,
Thro' th' eternal deep reſounds;

Now reſplendent ſhine his nail-prints,
Every eye ſhall ſee his wounds;
They who peirc'd him, They, &c.
Shall at his appearing wail.

Every iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate him, muſt, aſhamed,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment, Come, &c.
Stand before the Son of Man.

Saints, who love him, view his glory,
Shining in his marred face;
His dear perſon, on the rainbow,
Now his people's head ſhall raiſe;
Happy mourners! Happy mourners, &c.
Lo, in clouds, he comes, he comes.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in ſolemn pomp appear;
All his people, once deſpiſed,
Now ſhall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Now the promis'd kingdom's come.

View him ſmiling, now determin'd,
Every evil to deſtroy;
All the nations now ſhall ſing him,
Songs of everlaſting joy:
O come quickly! O come quickly! &c.
Hallelujah! come Lord, come.

## CLXXVII. *Chriſt a Prieſt.*

A Good High Prieſt is come,
But not of Aaron's race;
Ordained in his room,
To bring us life and grace;
The *Law* by Aaron's prieſthood came,
But *grace* and *truth* by Jeſu's name.

My *Lord* a prieſt is made,
As ſware the *mighty God*,
On him the work was laid,
To offer up his blood,
For ſinners who his mercy ſeek;
A prieſt, as was Melchiſedec.

He once temptations knew,
And did their force withſtand;
That he might pity ſhew,
When danger is at hand;
In every point his ſoul was try'd,
And then for us he freely dy'd.

But now he lives again,
And ſtands before the throne;
Where he, as newly ſlain,
Records what he has done;
There he abides, and pleads his blood,
Which ever muſt prevail with God.

I other prieſts diſclaim,
And all their offerings too;

None but the bleeding Lamb,
The mighty work could do;
'Twas he who dy'd my ſoul to ſave,
And all the glory he ſhall have.

## CLXXVIII. Funeral.

*Jeſus ſweetens the Grave.*

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or ſhake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jeſus ſends,
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As faſt as time can move?
Why ſhould we wiſh the hours more ſlow,
That keep us from our love?

Why ſhould we tremble to convey,
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear fleſh of Jeſus lay,
And left a ſweet perfume.

The graves of all his ſaints he bleſs'd,
And ſoften'd every bed;
Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with their dying Head?

Thence he aroſe, aſcending high,
And ſhew'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our fleſh ſhall fly,
At the great riſing day.

## CLXXIX. *Shortneſs of Time.*

TEACH me the meaſure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would ſurvey life's narrow ſpace,
And learn how frail I am.

A ſpan is all that we can boaſt,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and duſt,
In all his flower and prime.

See the vain race of mortals move,
Like ſhadows o'er the plain;
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all their noiſe is vain.

Some walk in honour's gaudy ſhow,
Some dig for golden ore:
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And ſtrait are ſeen no more.

We are but ſtrangers here below,
As all our fathers were;
May we be well prepar'd to go,
When we the ſummons hear.

## CLXXX. *Meditation on Death.*

MY ſoul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this houſe of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

Ah could we die with thoſe that die!
And place us in their ſtead;

Then would our ſpirits learn to fly,
And converſe with the dead.

Then ſhould we ſee the ſaints above,
In their own glorious forms;
And wonder why our ſouls ſhould love,
To dwell with mortal worms.

## CLXXXI. *Death of a Believer.*

'TIS finiſh'd! 'tis done!
The ſpirit is fled,
The priſoner is gone;
The chriſtian is dead;
The chriſtian is living,
In Jeſus's love;
And gladly receiving,
A kingdom above.

All honour and praiſe,
Are Jeſus's due;
Supported by grace,
He fought his way thro';
Triumphantly glorious,
Thro' Jeſus's zeal;
And more than victorious,
O'er ſin, death, and hell.

[Then let us record,
The conquering name;
Our Captain and Lord,
With ſhoutings proclaim:

We truſt in his paſſion,
And follow our head;
To certain ſalvation,
We all ſhall be led.

O Jeſus! lead on,
Thy militant care;
And give us the crown,
Of righteouſneſs there;
Where, dazzled with glory,
The ſeraphim gaze;
Or proſtrate adore thee,
In ſilence of praiſe.]

Come, Lord, and diſplay,
Thy ſign in the ſky;
And bear us away,
To manſions on high;
The kingdom be given,
The purchaſe divine;
And crown us in heaven,
Eternally thine.

CLXXXII. *Prayer to be ready for Death.*

HOSANNA to Jeſus on high!
Another has enter'd his reſt;
Another is 'ſcap'd to the ſky,
And lodg'd in Immanuel's breaſt;
The ſoul of our brother is gone,
To heighten the triumph above;
Exalted to Jeſus's throne,
And claſp'd in the arms of his love.

[How happy the ſpirits that fall,
Tranſported at Jeſus's name!
The ſaints whom he ſooneſt ſhall call,
To ſhare in the feaſt of the Lamb!
No longer impriſon'd in clay;
Who next from his dungeon ſhall fly,
Who firſt ſhall be ſummon'd away!
My merciful God—Is it I?]

O Jeſus! if this be thy will,
That ſudden I ſhould depart,
Thy counſel of mercy reveal,
And whiſper the call to my heart.
O give me a ſignal to know,
If ſoon thou wouldſt have me remove!
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

CLXXXIII *Bleſſed exchange of Earth for Heaven*

THANKS be to God, whoſe faithful love,
Hath call'd another to his breaſt;
Tranſlated him to joys above,
To manſions of eternal reſt.

He lives with God no more to ſin,
And he this body ſoon ſhall raiſe;
When, both united, they ſhall reign,
In endleſs happineſs and praiſe.

O that we all may thus break through,
The crown with holy violence ſeize;

The ſtarry crown to conqueſt due,
The crown of life and righteouſneſs.

[Will not the righteous Judge beſtow,
The prize on all who ſeek him here;
And long, while ſojourning below,
To ſee their much-lov'd Lord appear?

He will, our hearts reply, he will,
Theſe eager wiſhes more than meet;
Theſe infinite deſires fulfil,
And make our happineſs complete.]

O what a ſoul-o'erpowering thought!
'Tis ecſtaſy too great to bear;
We all at once ſhall be up caught,
And meet our Jeſus in the air!

CLXXXIV. *Soul's happy releaſe from the Body.*

AH, ſolemn appearence of death!
This body that once was ſo fair,
Depriv'd of ſenſations and breath,
No wonted attractions are here;
With ſtrangeſt emotions, I view,
The corpſe, when the ſpirit is fled;
And leave, with a painful adieu,
Theſe mortal remains with the dead.

How bleſt is our brother bereft,
Of all that could burden his mind;
How eaſy the ſoul that hasten,
This wearisome body behind;

Of evil incapable thou,
From ſorrow and ſadneſs ſet free;
No longer in miſery now,
No longer a ſinner like me.

[This earth is affected no more,
With ſickneſs, or ſhaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never ſhall vex him again;
No anger, henceforward, or ſhame,
Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And paſſion is vaniſh'd away.

This languiſhing head is at reſt,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immoveable breaſt,
Is heav'd by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the ſeat,
Of trouble, and torturing pain;
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
And never ſhall flutter again.

The lids he ſo ſeldom could cloſe,
By ſorrow forbidden to ſleep,
Seal'd up in the ſweeteſt repoſe,
Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep;
The ſe fountains can yield no ſupplies,
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wip'd from theſe eyes,
And evil they never ſhall ſee.]

To mourn and to ſuffer is mine,
While bound in a priſon of clay;
And ſtill for deliverance pine,
And look for a happier day;
O Jeſus, almighty to ſave,
Prepare me in glory to reign;
My body reſtore from the grave,
To meet my dear kindred again.

CXXXLV. *Longing to be with Saints above.*

JESUS, come, our deareſt Jeſus,
Save us from the world beneath;
From a life of pain releaſe us,
From a life of daily death;
Liſten to the ceaſeleſs moaning,
Of thy plaintive turtle-dove;
Anſwer, Lord, the Spirit's groaning,
Take us to thy church above.

Many ſaints are gone before us,
To the manſion of the grave;
Jeſus, come, to life reſtore us,
Us from all our trouble ſave;
Us, in infinite compaſſion,
To our happier friends unite;
Raiſe us to our heavenly ſtation,
With thy ſaints in endleſs light.

Still we bear about thy dying,
In our feeble bodies here;

Languiſhing for thee, and crying,
Light of life, in us appear;
Take us to thy kind embraces,
To thy heavenly banquet lead;
Wipe the ſorrows from our faces,
Set the crown upon our head.

## CLXXXVI. *Chriſt's Nativity.*

ALL glory to God, and peace upon earth
Be publiſh'd abroad, at Jeſus's birth;
The forfeited favour, of heaven we find
Reſtor'd in the Saviour, and friend of mankind.

Then let us behold, Meſſiah the Lord,
By prophets foretold, by angels ador'd:
Our God's incarnation, with angels proclaim,
And publiſh ſalvation in Jeſus's name.

Our newly-born King, by faith we have ſeen,
And joyfully ſing, his goodneſs to men;
That all men may wonder, at what we impart,
And thankfully ponder, his love in their heart.

What mov'd the Moſt High, ſo greatly to ſtoop?
He comes from the ſky, our ſouls to raiſe up;
That ſinners forgiven, may happy return,
To God and to heaven, their Maker is born.

Immanuel's love, let ſinners confeſs,
Who comes from above, to bring us his peace;
Let every believer, his mercy adore,
And praiſe him for ever, when time is no more.

## CXXXLVII. *The Deſign of his Birth.*

AWAY with our fears;
The godhead appears,
In Chriſt reconcil'd—
The Father of Mercies, in Jeſus the child.

He comes from above,
In manifeſt love;
The deſire of our eyes,
The meek Lamb of God, in a manger he lies.

At Immanuel's birth,
What a triumph on earth!
Yet could it afford,
No better a place, for its heavenly Lord!

The Ancient of Days,
To ſave a loſt race,
From his glory comes down,
Self-humbled, to carry us up to a crown.

Made fleſh for our ſake,
That we might partake,
The nature divine;
And again in his image, his holineſs ſhine.

An heavenly birth,
Experience on earth,

And riſe to his throne,
And live with our Jeſus eternally one.

Then let us believe,
And gladly receive,
The tidings they bring;
Who publiſh to ſinners, their Saviour and King.

And while we are here,
Our King ſhall appear;
His Spirit impart,
And form his full image of love in our heart.

## CLXXXVIII. *Chriſt born a King.*

COME, thou long-expected Jeſus,
Born to ſet thy people free;
From our fears and ſins releaſe us,
Let us find our reſt in thee:
Iſrael's ſtrength and conſolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear deſire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring;
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;

By thine all-ſufficient merit,
Raiſe us to thy glorious throne.

CLXXXIX. *His Birth celebrated by Angels.*

LET angels and archangels ſing,
The wonderful Immanuel's name;
Adore with us our new-born king,
And ſtill the joyful news proclaim;
All earth and heaven be ever join'd,
To praiſe the Saviour of mankind.

The everlaſting God comes down,
To ſojourn with the ſons of men;
Without his majeſty or crown,
The great inviſible is ſeen;
Awhile he lays his glories by,
To raiſe our fallen nature high.

Angels, behold the infant's face,
With rapt'rous awe the Godhead own;
'Tis all your heaven on him to gaze,
And caſt your crowns before his throne;
Tho' now he on his footſtool lies,
Ye know he built both earth and ſkies.

By him into exiſtence brought,
Ye ſang, the all-creating word;
Ye heard him call our world from nought,
Again in honour of our Lord,
Ye morning ſtars, your hymns employ,
And ſhout, ye ſons of God, for joy.

## CXC. *The Word made Fleſh.*

ALL-wiſe, all-good, almighty Lord,
Jeſus, by higheſt heaven ador'd,
Ere time its courſe began;
How did thy glorious mercy ſtoop,
To take our fallen nature up,
When thou becameſt man!

[Th' eternal God from heaven came down,
The King of Glory left his crown,
And veil'd his majeſty;
Empty'd of all, but love, he came,
Jeſus, I call thee by the name,
Thy pity bore for me.]

O holy child, ſtill let thy birth,
Bring peace to us poor worms of earth,
And praiſe to God on high;
Come, thou who didſt my fleſh aſſume,
Now to the abject ſinner come,
And in a manger lie.

[Didſt thou not in thy perſon join,
The natures human and divine;
That God and men might be,
Henceforth inſeparably one?
Haſte then, and make thy nature known,
Incarnated in me.]

In my weak ſinful fleſh appear;
O God, be manifeſted here,
Peace, righteouſneſs, and joy;

Thy kingdom, Lord, ſet up within
My waiting heart, and all my ſin,
That work of hell, deſtroy.

## CXCI. *Chriſt's everlaſting Love.*

YE children of my God,
Ye dear peculiar race,
Who're waſh'd in Jeſu's blood,
And ſav'd thro' faith by grace;
Attend, and join to tell his fame,
Whom John the Baptiſt call'd the Lamb.

From all eternity,
He lov'd the ſinner's train;
His love him forc'd to die,
Compell'd him to be ſlain;
For us, and in our ſtead he ſtood,
With all his garments roll'd in blood.

His heart he ſet on us,
When we were enemies;
And on th' accurſed croſs,
Amidſt his tears and cries,
He pray'd for us, who us'd him ſo—
Father, they know not what they do.

He thought upon us, when
The blood ran from his heart,
In all his grief and pain,
In all his grief and ſmart;
Tho' we it caus'd, he all forgave;
And bare it, that he might us ſave.

Still he remains the ſame,
His foes he loves, and cries,
Believe ye in my name,
"Lift up (ye loſt) your eyes;
Behold me, and ye yet ſhall live,
I freely will ſalvation give."

## CXCII. *A grateful Senſe of Mercy.*

O COME, let us join,
In muſic divine,
The Saviour to laud;
'Tis meet, and fit,
It is charming and perfectly ſweet,
The Saviour to praiſe; our Lord and our God,
'Tis a pleaſure to ſing,
With courage and flame;
The angels that love us,
And ſeraphs above us,
Do always the ſame:
Hark! hark! how they ſhout,
All heaven throughout,
In ſounding his name.

Come, all that are here,
Your thankſgivings rear,
To Jeſus your chief;
'Tis good, we ſhou'd,
It is lovely and better than food,
It raiſes our joy, and baniſhes grief;

Then in him we'll rejoice,
Up to him lift our voice,
And ſpirit within;
Who lov'd us ſo greatly,
To waſh us completely,
From guilt and from ſin;
Hark! hark! how they ſhout,
All heaven throughout,
A Jeſus divine!

He's worthy, they cry,
The Lamb that did die,
So warbles their tongue;
Let us, do thus,
It is comely his praiſe to diſcuſs,
A theme ever proper by us to be ſung;
'Tis our duty and gain,
And it ſhan't be in vain,
His praiſe to repeat,
Who pardon diſpenſes, for all our offences,
Tho' ever ſo great:
Hark! hark! how they ſhout,
All heaven throughout,
A Savionr complete!

All glory to him,
Who ſouls doth redeem,
From converſe unfit;
Agree, do we,
It will ever becoming us be,
Hoſanna to Jeſus with joy to tranſmit;

To God's dear-beloved Son,
Be all praiſe and renown,
Dominions and might;
Who ſinners embraces,
And fills them with graces,
To do what is right:
Hark! hark! how they ſhout,
All heaven throughout,
The morning ſtar bright.

Come, ſing him once more,
(We may not give o'er)
For ſinners who pleads,
Beguil'd, defil'd;
And to bring them to God reconcil'd,
He ſtill intercedes, and always ſucceeds;
This dear Saviour of men,
Let us ſing once again,
Who purges his own;
And makes them all glorious,
And more than victorious,
Then gives them a crown;
Hark! hark! how they ſhout,
All heaven throughout,
The Lamb on the throne.

To Father and Son,
And Dove, Three in One,
Be glory and praiſe,
By us and thoſe,

Who in glorious, celeſtial repoſe,
Do ceaſeleſs their ſongs of thankſgiving raiſe,
May the Three-One be ſung,
By each cherubim-tongue;
Let no tongue be mute,
Join, beings celeſtial,
And beings terreſtrial,
The great and minute,
Join all in one choir,
The Dove, Son, and Sire,
With praiſe to ſalute.

## CXCIII. *Longing for Heaven.*

OFFSPRING of David, David's Root,
Thou Jeſſe's Stem, and Jeſſe's Fruit,
To Thee propitious, Thee our King,
The tribute of our hearts we bring.

While all thy mercies we enjoy,
Hymns ſhall our grateful lips employ;
Beneath the ſhadow of thy wing,
We'd gladly wait, and love and ſing.

Haſten the time when we ſhall ſhine,
With angels, and archangels join;
With righteous ſpirits gone before,
For ever thy ſweet name t'adore.

With them our raviſh'd ſouls would reſt,
And ſhare with them thy marriage feaſt;

Among their number, in their lays,
We'd pant to join, and thirſt to praiſe.

And while our ſouls are thus deny'd,
Leſt we ſhould fall, or turn aſide,
Jeſus, our kind protection prove,
And love us with eternal love.

## CXCIV. *Morning.*

RISE, my ſoul, adore thy Maker;
Angels, praiſe, join thy lays,
With them be partaker.

Father, Lord of every ſpirit,
In thy light, lead me right,
Thro' my Saviour's merit.

Never caſt me from thy preſence,
'Till my ſoul, ſhall be full,
Of thy bleſſed eſſence.

O my Jeſus, God almighty,
Pray for me, till I ſee
Thee, in Salem's city.

Holy Ghoſt, by Jeſus given,
Be my guide, leſt my pride,
Shut me out of heaven.

Thou this night waſt my protector,
With me ſtay, all the day,
Ever my director.

Holy, holy, holy giver,
Of all good, life and food,
Reign ador'd for ever.

*Grace before Meat.*

BE preſent at our table, Lord,
Be here, and every where ador'd;
Theſe creatures bleſs, and grant that we,
May feaſt in paradiſe with thee.

*After Meat.*

WE thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more becauſe of Jeſu's blood;
Let manna to our ſouls be given,
The bread of life, ſent down from heaven.

## CXCV. *Evening.*

ERE I ſleep, for every favour,
This day ſhew'd, by my God,
I will bleſs my Saviour.

O my Lord, what ſhall I render,
To thy name, ſtill the ſame,
Gracious, good, and tender!

Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace, be my bliſs,
Till thou hence remove me.

Viſit me with thy ſalvation;
Let thy care, now be near,
Round my habitation.

Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep, while I ſleep,
Me with all thy power.

So whene'er in death I ſlumber,
Let me riſe, with the wiſe,
Counted in their number.

## CXCVI. *Glorying in the Croſs.*

WHEN I ſurvey the wonderous croſs,
On which the Prince of glory dy'd;
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the death of Chriſt, my God;
All the vain things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch love and ſorrow meet,
Or thorns compoſe ſo rich a crown!

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

## CXCVII. *After Sermon.*

O JESU, our Lord, thy name be ador'd.
For all the rich bleſſings convey'd thro' thy word.

In ſpirit we trace, thy wonders of grace,
And chearfully join in a concert of praiſe.

The Ancient of days, his glory diſplays,
And ſhines on his choſen, with cheriſhing rays.

The trumpet of God, is ſounding abroad,
The language of mercy, ſalvation thro' blood.

Thrice happy are they, who hear and obey;
And ſhare in the bleſſings of this goſpel-day.

The people who know, their Saviour below,
With burning affection to worſhip him glow.

This bleſſing be mine, thro' favour divine!
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

## CXCVIII. *Chriſt's Merits pleaded.*

JESU, ſhew us thy ſalvation,
(In thy ſtrength we ſtrive with thee)
By thy myſtic incarnation,
By thy pure nativity,
Save us, thou our new creator,
Into all our ſouls impart,
Thy divine and holy nature,
Form thyſelf within each heart.

By thy firſt blood-ſhedding heal us,
Cut us off from every ſin;
By thy circumciſion ſeal us,
Write thy law of love within:
By thy Spirit circumciſe us,
Kindle in our hearts a flame;
By thy baptiſm now baptize us,
Into all thy glorious name.

By thy faſting and temptation,
Mortify our vain deſire;

Take away what ſenſe, or paſſion,
Appetite, or fleſh require;
Arm us with thy ſelf-denial,
Every tempted ſoul defend;
Save us in the fiery trial,
Make us faithful to the end.

By thy great and bitter paſſion,
By thy ſuffering on the tree;
Save us from the indignation,
Due to all mankind, and me;
Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
Gaſping out thy lateſt breath;
By thy precious death's applying,
Save us from eternal death.

By the pomp of thine aſcending,
Live we here to heaven reſtor'd;
Live in pleaſure never ending,
Share the portion of our Lord;
Let us have our converſation,
With the bleſſed ſpir'ts above;
Sav'd with all thy great ſalvation,
Perfectly renew'd in love.

## CXCIX. *Chriſt's Second Coming.*

HE comes! he comes! the Judge ſevere,
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near;
The lightnings flaſh, the thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful ſoul;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful ſoul.

From heaven, angelic voices ſound,
See th' almighty Jeſus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face;
Glory, &c. decks the Saviour's face.

Deſcending from his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord;
Hail him, &c. their triumphant Lord.

Shout, all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the Moſt High;
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns;
Ever, &c. and for ever reigns.

The Father bleſs, the Son adore,
The Spirit praiſe for evermore;
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome thee, Great Three in One;
Welcome, &c. Thee, Great Three in One.

## CC. *The Backſlider.*

JESU, let thy pitying eye,
Call back a wandering ſheep;
Falſe to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep:
Let me be by grace reſtor'd,
On me be all long-ſuffering ſhewn;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, thro' thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give me, what I've long implor'd,
The bleſſing of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor ſuffer me to die;
Life, and happineſs, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

[Look, as when thy grace beheld,
The harlot in diſtreſs;
Dry'd her tears, her pardon ſeal'd,
And bade her go in peace;
Foul, like her, and ſelf-abhor'd,
I, at thy feet, for mercy groan;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

Look, as when condemn'd for them,
Thou didſt thy followers ſee,
"Daughters of Jeruſalem,
"Weep for yourſelves, not me."

Am I by my God deplor'd,
And ſhall I not myſelf bemoan?
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.]

Look, as when thy piteous eye,
Was clos'd, that we might live;
"Father," (at the point to die)
My Saviour gaſp'd, "Forgive!"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns and looks, and cries, "Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
This breaks my heart of ſtone.

CCI. *Prayer for Succeſs on the Preaching.*

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious;
Come, and reign over us,
ANCIENT OF DAYS.

Jeſus, our Lord, ariſe,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid,
Our ſure defence be made,
Our ſouls on thee be ſtay'd
Lord hear our call.

Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty ſword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bleſs,
And give thy word ſucceſs;
SPIRIT of holineſs,
On us deſcend.

Come, Holy COMFORTER,
Thy ſacred witneſs bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
SPIRIT OF POWER.

To the Great ONE IN THREE,
Eternal praiſes be,
Hence—evermore;
His ſovereign majeſty,
May we in glory ſee,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

## CCII. *Chriſt a Refuge.*

JESU, lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempeſt ſtill is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
'Till the ſtorm of life is paſt;

Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my ſoul at laſt.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs ſoul on thee;
Leave! ah, leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and comfort me:
All my truſt on thee is ſtay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceleſs head,
With my defenceleſs head,
With the ſhadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Chriſt, art all I want,
Every good in thee I find;
Raiſe the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the ſick, and lead the blind;
Juſt and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteouſneſs;
Vile, and full of ſin, I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my ſin;
Let the healing ſtreams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Riſe to all eternity.

CCIII. *Eben-Ezer.*

COME, thou Fount of every bleſſing,
Tune my heart to ſing thy grace;

Streams of mercy, never ceaſing,
Call for ſongs of loudeſt praiſe;
Teach me ſome melodious ſonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praiſe the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

Here I raiſe my *Eben-Ezer*,
Hither by thine help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleaſure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jeſus ſought me, when a ſtranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to reſcue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

O to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let that grace, now like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O take and ſeal it!
Seal it from thy courts above!

## CCIV. *Bleſſing of Acceſs to God.*

O LORD, how great's the favour,
That we ſuch ſinners poor,
Can through thy blood's ſweet favour,
Approach thy mercy's door;

And find an open paſſage,
Unto the throne of grace;
There wait the welcome meſſage,
That bids us go in peace.

Lord, we are helpleſs creatures,
Full of the deepeſt need;
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid, and inly dead;
Our ſtrength is perfect weakneſs,
And all we have is ſin:
Our hearts are all uncleanneſs,
A den of thieves within.

In this forlorn condition,
Who ſhall afford us aid!
Where ſhall we find compaſſion,
But in the church's head?
Jeſus, thou art all pity,
O take us to thine arms;
And exerciſe thy mercy,
To ſave us from all harms.

We'll never ceaſe repeating,
Our numberleſs complaints;
But ever be entreating,
The glorious King of ſaints;
'Till we attain the image,
Of him we inly love;
And pay our grateful homage,
With all the ſaints above.

Then we, with all in glory,
Shall thankfully relate,
Th' amazing pleaſing ſtory,
Of Jeſu's love ſo great!
In this bleſt contemplation,
We ſhall for ever dwell;
And prove ſuch conſolation,
As none below can tell.

## CCV. *Leaning on the Beloved.*

MY moſt indulgent Saviour,
I long thy love to find,
To triumph in thy favour,
And know thy Spirit's mind:
This grace to me be given,
I nothing more requeſt;
I aſk no other heaven,
Than leaning on thy breaſt.

The place of John I covet,
More than a ſeraph's throne;
To reſt in my beloved,
And breathe my final groan;
On thee alone relying,
To loſe my ſin and pain;
And on thy boſom dying,
My life eternal gain.

Then I with all in glory,
Shall thankfully relate,
Th' amazing pleaſing ſtory,
Of Jeſu's love ſo great!

In this bleſt contemplation,
May I for ever dwell,
And ſhare ſuch conſolation,
As none below can tell.

## CCVI. *Gratitude.*

WHAT ſhall we render unto thee,
Thou glorious Lord of life and power?
Teach us to bow the humble knee,
Teach us with thankfulneſs t' adore;
To praiſe thee as thy ſaints above,
To praiſe thee for thy wonderous love.

When like loſt ſheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's eye,
When borne along th' impetuous tide,
Of this world's ſin and vanity,
Then Jeſus from the heavens came down,
To ſave us by his grace alone.

He bore our ſins upon the tree,
To ſeek and ſave the loſt he came;
There was he bound to ſet us free,
From death, and everlaſting ſhame;
The captive flock from hell was freed,
And ranſom'd when their Shepherd bled.

Before the Father's awful throne,
Our merciful High-prieſt yet ſtands
And interceding for his own,
The purchas'd remnant now demands;
His people's everlaſting friend,
Who loving-loves them to the end!

May we his baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own;
To take him as our only choice,
And cleave to him in love alone;
Still growing up in holineſs,
'Till call'd to meet in realms of bliſs.

Then ſhall our grateful ſongs abound,
And every tear be wip'd away;
No ſin, no ſorrow ſhall be found,
No night o'ercloud the endleſs day.
O praiſe him! all beneath, above!
O praiſe him! praiſe the God of love!

## CCVII. *Redeeming Love.*

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jeſu's name;
Ye who Jeſu's kindneſs prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye who ſee the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praiſe and bleſs redeeming love.

Mourning ſouls dry up your tears,
Baniſh all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curſe remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

Ye, alas! who long have been,
Willing ſlaves of death and ſin,
Now from bliſs no longer rove,
Stop—and taſte redeeming love.

Welcome all by ſin oppreſt,
Welcome to his ſacred reſt;
Nothing brought him from above;
Nothing but redeeming love.

[He ſubdu'd th' infernal powers,
His tremendous foes and ours;
From their curſed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.]

Hither then your muſic bring,
Strike aloud each chearful ſtring;
Mortals join the hoſts above,
Join to praiſe redeeming love.

CCVIII. *Longing for Jeſus and his People.*

THOU Shepherd of Iſrael divine,
The joy of the upright in heart;
For cloſer communion they pine,
Still, ſtill to reſide where thou art;
The paſture, O! when ſhall we find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy boſom reclin'd,
Are ſkreen'd from the heat of the day.

Ah, ſhew us that happieſt place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where ſaints in an ecſtaſy gaze,
And hang on their Saviour and God:
Thy love for loſt ſinners declare,
Thy paſſion and death on the tree;
Our ſpirits to calvary bear,
To ſuffer and triumph with thee.

Tis there with the Lambs of thy flock,
There only we'd covet to reſt;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or riſe to be hid in thy breaſt;
Tis there we would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy ſide,
Eternally held in thy heart.

## CCIX. *Surrender of the Heart to God.*

TAKE my poor heart, juſt as it is,
Set up therein thy throne;
So ſhall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

Complete thy work, and crown thy grace,
That I may faithful prove;
And liſten to that ſmall ſtill voice,
Which only whiſpers love.

Which teaches me what is thy will,
And tells me what to do;
Which covers me with ſhame, when I,
Do not thy will purſue.

This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching from my Lord;
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy ſoul-reviving word.

## CCX. *Reign of Grace.*

GRACE, how exceeding ſweet to thoſe,
Who feel they ſinners are!
Sunk and diſtreſt, they taſte and know,
Their heaven is only there!

Thus *grace*, free *grace*, moſt ſweetly calls,
"Directly come, who will;
"Juſt as you are; for Chriſt receives,
"Poor helpleſs ſinners ſtill!"

We thirſt, O Lord! give us each day,
To taſte more of this *grace*;
More of that ſtream, which from the rock,
Flow'd through the wilderneſs.

Where'er eternal life is given,
This thirſt the ſame will be;
The heart will after Jeſus pant,
To all eternity.

'Tis *grace* alone that feeds our ſouls,
*Grace* keeps us inly poor;
And, Oh! that nothing elſe but *grace*,
May rule for evermore!

## CCXI. *A loving Saviour.*

LOVE brought down God's dear only Son,
Into a virgin's womb!
Love nail'd him to th' accurſed tree,
And laid him in a tomb.

Through every action, ſuffering too,
The law of kindneſs reign'd;
Love op'd thoſe ghaſtly wounds, thro' which,
His precious life was drain'd.

Love took him to his Father's throne,
There to prepare us room;
And love will bring him down again,
To fetch us to his home.

## CCXII. *Chriſtians want continual Help.*

SON of God! thy bleſſing grant,
Still ſupply our every want;
Tree of life thine influence ſhed,
With thy ſap our ſpirits feed.

Tend'reſt branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee, and die;
Weak as helpleſs infancy—
O confirm our ſouls in thee.

Unſuſtain'd by thee we fall,
Send the ſtrength for which we call;
Weaker than a bruiſed reed,
Help we every moment need.

All our hopes on thee depend,
Love us, ſave us to the end;
Give us the continuing grace—
Take the everlaſting praiſe.

## CCXIII. *Chriſt a preſent Help.*

IN every trouble ſharp and ſtrong,
My ſoul to Jeſus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When ſwelling billows riſe.

His comforts bear my ſpirits up,
I truſt a faithful God;
The ſure foundation of my hope,
Is in a Saviour's blood.

Loud hallelujahs ſing my ſoul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy, in ſorrow, life and death,
His love is ſtill the ſame.

## CCXIV. *Heavenly Mindedneſs.*

COME, let us aſcend,
My companion and friend,
To a taſte of the banquet above;
If thine heart be as mine,
If for Jeſus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

Who in Jeſus confide,
They are bold to outride,
All the ſtorms of affliction beneath:
With the prophet they ſoar,
To that heavenly ſhore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

By faith we are come,
To our permanent home,

And by hope we the rapture improve;
By love we ſtill riſe,
And look down on the ſkies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

Who on earth can conceive,
How happy we live,
In the city of God the great King!
What a concert of praiſe,
When our Jeſus's grace,
The whole heavenly company ſing!

What a rapturous ſong,
When the glorify'd throng,
In the ſpirit of harmony join;
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine!

Hallelujah they cry,
To the King of the ſky,
To the great everlaſting I AM!
To the Lamb that was ſlain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

CCXV. *Before Sacrament*

FAITHFUL Bridegoom, holy Lamb,
By thy church beloved;
Manifeſt thy ſweeteſt name,
To each heart approved.

Crown this ordinance of thine,
With a ſolemn bleſſing;
Let our feaſt be all divine,
Each thyſelf poſſeſſing.

[Let thy fleſh afford us food,
Every grace to ſtrengthen;
Let our drink be Jeſu's blood,
Nature's power to weaken.

Cauſe that bleeding ſacrifice,
Once for ſinners given,
To appear before our eyes,
Earneſt of our heaven.]

We partake the bread and wine,
Seals of our profeſſion;
Of the inward grace the ſign,
Symbols of thy paſſion.

We commemorate thy death,
While we are receiving;
Feeding in our hearts by faith,
With unfeign'd thankſgiving.

May we thus our time employ,
While below we tarry;
'Till our ſouls t' unfading joy,
Angels come to carry.

## CCXVI. *After Sacrament.*

LORD, accept our feeble praiſe,
For the banquet given;

Tho' unworthy, we would raiſe,
Hearts and hands to heaven.

Of the ſtreams of grace divine,
We have now been taſting;
On the bread, and myſtic wine,
With rich comfort feaſting.

[Meat indeed, thy fleſh we find,
Drink thy blood ſo precious;
Jeſus, Saviour, thou art kind,
Merciful and gracious.

On our guilty ſouls thy rod,
Falls with gentle chidings;
And thou healeſt with thy blood,
All our great backſlidings.

May we to thy bleeding croſs,
Soul and body faſten;
All for Jeſus count but loſs,
To his coming haſten.]

Take our hearts ſo often bleſt,
Yet ſo oft rebelling;
Let them on thy boſom reſt,
In thy wounds ſtill dwelling.

Now, O Lord, that we have fed,
On thy body broken,
Bruiſe within the ſerpent's head—
Of thy love the token.

[None from trials are below,
Totally exempted;
All-ſufficient grace beſtow,
Succour, Lord, the tempted.

Guard us from the tempter's wiles,
From the ſin of Judas;
From the world's deceitful ſmiles,
Till to heaven thou lead us.]

## CCXVII. *Hungry and Thirſty Soul.*

GLORY to our gracious Donor,
For his mercies ever new;
His alone be all the honor,
Nothing we confeſs our due:
O the ceaſeleſs mercies flowing,
From thy grace's boundleſs ſtore!
May our thankful hearts be glowing
With thy love, ſtill more and more.

Thy kind hand hath oft' afforded,
To our wants a rich ſupply;
We are every day ſupported,
By thy providential eye:
May we, Lord, as ſome requital,
Thankful hearts to Jeſus raiſe;
In his wondrous love's recital,
Conſecrate to him our days.

Thou an hunger haſt created,
In our hearts for living bread;

May it never be abated,
'Till our precious ſouls are fed;
Open, Lord, the ark, where hidden,
Jeſus, our true manna lies;
Are not hungry ſpirits bidden,
To that feaſt of paradiſe?

O thou Friend of ſinners, pity,
Thirſty travellers, who go,
To an unſeen diſtant city,
Thro' a parched vale below:
O ſupply each fainting ſpirit,
With the ſtreams of pureſt love;
'Till our Canaan we inherit,
In thy fulneſs loſt above.

## CCXVIII. *For Eaſter Day.*

HE dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!
Lo Salem's daughters weep around,
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies,
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground;
Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you!
A thouſand drops of richer blood!

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee!
Jeſus the dead revives again!

The riſing God forſakes the tomb!
The tomb in vain forbids his riſe;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies.

Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell,
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter Death in chains;
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter, "Where's thy ſting?
"And where's thy victory, boaſting Grave?"

## CCXIX. *Beſt means to ſoften the Heart.*

Is there a thing that moves and breaks,
An heart as hard as ſtone?
Or warms an heart as cold as ice?
'Tis Jeſu's blood alone:
One drop of this can truly cheer,
And heal the wounded ſoul;
What multitudes of broken hearts,
This living ſtream makes whole!

Hark, O my ſoul! what ſing the choirs,
Around the glorious throne!
Hark, the *ſlain Lamb* for evermore,
Sounds in the ſweeteſt tone!
The elders there caſt down their crowns,
And all, both night and day,

Sing praiſe to him who ſhed his blood,
And waſh'd their guilt away.

And this, while here, we will proclaim,
Chearful in our degree;
That thro' the blood of God's dear Lamb,
Sinners may pardon'd be:
But thou, O Lord, make every day,
Thy grace to us more ſweet;
'Till we behold thy wounded ſide,
And worſhip at thy feet.

## CCXX. *The Year of Jubilee.*

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly ſolemn ſound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remoteſt bound;
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

The goſpel-trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
Ye happy ſouls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return to your eternal home.

Jeſus, our great High-Prieſt,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary ſpirits reſt,
Ye mourning ſouls, be glad;

The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return to your eternal home.

CCXXI. *Guilt removed by viewing Jeſus.*

LADEN with guilt, ſinners ariſe,
And view your bleeding ſacrifice;
Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come.

Beneath your crimes the victim ſtood,
Sign'd your acquittance with his blood;
Hereby ſtern juſtice is appeas'd;
Sinners look up, and be releas'd.

Mercy, truth, peace, and righteouſneſs,
Beam from the Reconciler's face;
Here look, 'till love diſſolve your heart,
And bid your ſlaviſh fears depart.

Oh, quit the world's deluſive charms,
And quickly fly to Jeſu's arms;
Wreſtle until your God be known,
'Till you can call the Lord your own.

## CCXXII. *To the Creator.*

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with ſacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he deſtroy.

His ſovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heavens our voices raiſe;
And earth with her ten thouſand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vaſt as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move!

## CCXXIII. *Waters of Salvation.*

HO, every one that thirſts, draw nigh,
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy, and free ſalvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and goſpel grace.

Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

See from the rock a fountain riſe,
For you in healing ſtreams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burden'd, ſin-ſick ſouls.

Nothing ye in exchange ſhall give,
Leave all ye have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jeſus find.

CCXXIV. *Sight of Heaven makes Death eaſy.*

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where ſaints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures baniſh pain.

There everlaſting ſpring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow ſea, divides,
This heavenly land from ours.

[Sweet fields, beyond the ſwelling flood,
Stand dreſs'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood,
While Jordan roll'd between.]

But timorous mortals ſtart and ſhrink,
To croſs this narrow ſea;
And linger, ſhivering on the brink,
Afraid to launch away.

Oh! could we find thoſe doubts remove,
Thoſe gloomy doubts that riſe,
And ſee the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes,

Could we but climb where Moſes ſtood,
And view the landſcape o'er;
Not Jordan's ſtream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the ſhore.

CCXXV. *Surpriſe of a Soul juſt entering Heaven.*

WHY was unbelieving I,
Trembling, ſo afraid to die?
Now my feet in ſafety ſtand
Here, within the promis'd land.

O, what wondrous grace is here!
Now I'm ſafe from every fear;
Sin and doubts are ever gone,
Sighing ſhall no more be known.

Henceforth neither grief, nor pain—
Here ſucceſſive pleaſures reign;
All things our hoſannas raiſe,
O, the glories of this place!

[O, ye perfect happy ones,
Let me try to join your tunes;
Come, let us exalt the Lamb,
Singing ever to his name.

He our full redemption wrought,
He for us this glory bought;
From the earth he calls us home,
To our Father's houſe we're come.]

Oft in Kedar's tents I try'd,
When my God his face did hide,
With my friends to raiſe this ſong,
But it languiſh'd on my tongue.

Jeſus now unveils his face,
Here I ſhout of ſovereign grace;
Fill'd with love, inceſſant cry,
To his praiſe in raptures high.

O my drooping friends below,
Did you half this glory know,
Daily would ye ſtretch the wing,
Here to fly, and thus to ſing. Hallelujah.

## CCXXVI. *Chriſt All in All.*

I'VE found the pearl of greateſt price,
My heart doth ſing for joy;
And ſing I muſt, A Chriſt I have,
Oh what a Chriſt have I!

My Chriſt, he is the Lord of Lords,
He is the King of Kings;
He is the Sun of Righteouſne
With healing in his wings.

He is my meat, he is my drink,
My phyſic, and my health;

My peace, my ſtrength, my joy, my crown,
My glory, and my wealth.

He is my Father, and my Friend,
My Brother, and my Love;
My Head, my Hope, my Counſellor,
My Advocate above.

My Chriſt he is the heaven of heavens,
My Chriſt, what ſhall I call?
He is my firſt, he is my laſt,
He is my All in All.

All glory to the God of love,
One God in perſons Three;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One equal glory be.

## CCXXVII. *Chriſt our Light.*

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

Thy ſhining grace can cheer,
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradiſe when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

The ſmilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to reſt in thine embrace,
And no where elſe but there.

[To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliſs;
They ſit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jeſus is.

Not all the harps above,
Can make a heavenly place;
If God his reſidence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

Nor earth, nor all the ſky,
Can a delight afford;
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy preſence, Lord.

Thou art the ſea of love,
Where all my pleaſures roll;
The circle where my paſſions move,
And centre of my ſoul.

To thee my ſpirits fly,
With infinite deſire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jeſus, raiſe me higher.

CCXXVIII. *Chriſt precious to a Believer.*

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis muſic to my ear;
Fain would I ſound it out ſo loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my ſoul,
My tranſport, and my truſt;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is ſordid duſt.

All my capacious powers can wiſh,
In thee moſt richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is life ſo dear,
Nor friendſhip half ſo ſweet.

O, may thy grace ſtill cheer my heart,
And ſhed its fragrance there;
The nobleſt balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll ſpeak the honors of thy name,
With my laſt labouring breath;
When ſpeechleſs claſp thee in my arms,
My joy in life and death.

## CCXXIX. *Chriſt our Righteouſneſs.*

JESU, thy blood and righteouſneſs,
My beauty are, my glorious dreſs:
'Midſt flaming worlds, in theſe array'd,
With joy ſhall I lift up my head.

When from the duſt of death I riſe,
To claim my manſion in the ſkies,
Even then ſhall this be all my plea,
"Jeſus hath liv'd, and dy'd for me."

Bold ſhall I ſtand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge ſhall lay?
Fully thro' thee, abſolv'd I am,
From ſin and fear, from guilt and ſhame.

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of ſinners thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

This righteouſneſs the ſame appears,
When ruin'd nature ſinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Chriſt is ever new.

O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy baniſh'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
Jeſus, the Lord our righteouſneſs.

## CCXXX. *A glorious Proſpect.*

FROM thee, my God, my joys ſhall riſe,
And run eternal rounds;
Beyond the limits of the ſkies,
And all created bounds.

The holy triumph of my ſoul,
Shall death itſelf out-brave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

There, where my bleſſed Jeſus reigns,
In heaven's unmeaſur'd ſpace,

'Ill ſpend a long eternity,
In pleaſures and in praiſe.

Millions of years my wondering eyes,
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
And, endleſs ages, I'll adore,
The glories of thy love.

Sweet Jeſus, every ſmile of thine,
Shall freſh endearments bring;
And thouſand taſtes of new delight,
From all thy graces ſpring.

Haſte, my beloved, fetch my ſoul,
Up to thy bleſs'd abode;
Fly, for my ſpirit longs, to ſee,
My Saviour, and my God.

## CCXXXI. *God our beſt Portion.*

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlaſting All;
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

What empty things are all the ſkies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deſerves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning ſun,
Scatters his feeble light;

'Tis thy ſweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

[And whilſt upon my reſtleſs bed,
Amidſt the ſhades I roll,
If my Redeemer ſhews his head,
'Tis morning with my ſoul.]

To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
My health, and ſafe abode;
I praiſe thy name for all theſe things,
But they are not my God.

[How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compar'd to thee?
And what my ſafety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?]

Where I poſſeſſor of the earth,
And call'd the ſtars my own,
Without thy graces, and thyſelf,
I were a wretch undone.

Let others ſtretch their arms, like ſeas,
And graſp in all the ſhore;
Grant me the viſits of thy face,
And I deſire no more.

## CCXXXII. *An humble Suppliant.*

GOD of my ſalvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply would I now draw near,
Thy bleſſing to receive;

Full of guilt, alas I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

[Standing now as newly ſlain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief, and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh:
Now, as yeſterday the ſame,
Thou art and wilt for ever be,
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.]

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty ſend me not away,
For I, thou know'ſt, am poor;
Duſt and aſhes is my name,
My all is ſin and miſery;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy;
From myſelf I turn mine eyes,
The chief of ſinners I;
Take, O take me as I am,
And let me loſe myſelf in thee;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

## CCXXXIII. *Sitting at Jeſu's Feet.*

SWEET the moments, rich in bleſſing,
Which before the croſs I ſpend;
Life, and health, and peace poſſeſſing,
From the ſinner's dying friend:
Here I'll ſit for ever viewing,
Mercy's ſtreams, in ſtreams of blood;
Precious drops, my ſoul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly bleſſed is my ſtation,
Low before his croſs to lie;
While I ſee divine compaſſion,
Floating in his languid eye;
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Conſtant ſtill in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death;
May I ſtill enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jeſus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himſelf more deeply know.

## CCXXXIV. *Growth in Grace.*

COME, deſcend, O heavenly Spirit,
Fan each ſpark into a flame;

Bleſſings let us now inherit,
Bleſſings that we cannot name;
Whilſt hoſannas we are ſinging,
May our hearts in rapture move;
Feel new grace in them ſtill ſpringing,
Breathe the air of pureſt love.

Let us ſail in grace's ocean,
Float on that unbounded ſea;
Guided into pure devotion,
Kept from paths of error free;
On thy heavenly manna feeding,
Screen'd from every envious foe;
Love, O love for ſinners bleeding,
All, for thee, we would forego.

Keep us, Lord, ſtill in communion,
Daily nearer drawn to thee;
Sinking in the ſweeteſt union,
Of that heartfelt myſtery;
Keep us ſafe from each deluſion,
Well protected from all harms;
Free from ſin, and all confuſion,
Circle us within thine arms.

## CCXXXV. *Juſtification by Faith.*

VAIN are the hopes the ſons of men,
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile ſtop their mouth,
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam ſtand,
Guilty, before the Lord.

In vain we aſk God's righteous law,
To juſtify us now;
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

Jeſus, how glorious is thy grace,
When in thy name we truſt!
Our faith receives a righteouſneſs,
That makes the ſinner juſt.

## CCXXXVI. *The World renounced.*

O TELL me no more, of this world's vain ſtore;
The time for ſuch trifles, with me now is o'er.

A country I've found, where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determin'd, on that happy ground.

No mortal doth know, what he can beſtow;
What light, ſtrength, and comfort; go after him, go.

I go onward I move, and but Chriſt above,
None gueſſes how wond'rous my journey will prove.

Great ſpoils I ſhall win, from death, hell, and ſin;
'Midſt outward affliction, ſhall feel Chriſt within.

Perhaps for his name, poor duſt as I am,
Some works I ſhall finiſh, with glad loving aim.

I ſtill, which is beſt, ſhall in his dear breaſt,
As at the beginning, find pardon and reſt.

And when I'm to die, "receive me," I'll cry,
For Jeſus hath lov'd me, I cannot ſay why.

But this I do find, we two are ſo join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.

## CCXXXVII. *Love better than Knowledge.*

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inſpires the breaſt;
Love is the brighteſt of the train,
And ſtrengthens all the reſt.

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our ſtubborn ſins will fight and reign,
If love be abſent there.

'Tis love that makes our active feet,
In ſwift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But ſatan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives and ſings,
When faith and hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings,
In the ſweet realms of bliſs.

Before we quite forſake our clay,
Or leave this poor abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To ſee our ſmiling God.

## CCXXXVIII. *Chriſt the Way to God.*

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He that I plac'd my hopes upon;
His track I ſee, and I'll purſue,
The narrow way, till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from baniſhment;
The king's-highway of holineſs,
I'll go for all his paths are peace.

This is the way I long have ſought,
And mourn'd becauſe I found it not;
My grief, my burthen, long has been,
Becauſe I could not ceaſe from ſin.

The more I ſtrove againſt its power,
I ſinn'd and ſtumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour ſay,
"Come hither, ſoul, for I'm the way."

Lo glad I come, and thou dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but ſin I thee can give,
Yet help me, and thy praiſe I'll live.

I'll tell to all poor ſinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood.
And ſay, "Behold the way to God."

## CCXXXIX. *An able and willing Saviour.*

COME, ye ſinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, ſick and ſore;
Jeſus ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of pity, join'd with power;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

Ho, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jeſus Chriſt and buy.

Let not conſcience make you linger,
Nor of fitneſs fondly dream;
All the fitneſs he requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's riſing beam.

Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

View him grov'ling in the garden;
Lo, your Maker proſtrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies;
"It is finiſh'd;"
Sinner, will not this ſuffice?

Lo, th' incarnate God aſcended,
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other truſt intrude:
None but Jeſus,
Can do helpleſs ſinners good.

Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praiſes of the Lamb;
While the bliſsful ſeats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may ſing the ſame.

CCXL. *Chriſt's Cal. accepted.*

JESU, thou doſt cry aloud,
"Sinners haſten to my blood;

Though as black as hell within,
Yet my blood ſhall waſh you clean.

View me in the manger lying;
View me panting, bleeding, dying;
In my pierced ſide here's room,
Every drop of blood cries, come."

Lord, I hear thy gracious call,
Proſtrate at thy feet I fall;
All poor ſinners, thou call'ſt home,
I'm a ſinner, lo I come.

Satan, Lord, hath me diſtreſs'd,
I am naked, void of reſt;
All my nature's full of ſin,
O I'm all unclean, unclean.

"Yes, my child, I know it all,
But thy guilt on me did fall;
By the ſhedding of my blood,
Thou art reconcil'd to God.

Art thou naked, in diſtreſs,
Here's the robe of righteouſneſs;
Here's my blood to cleanſe thy heart,
Cloath thee, waſh thee, mine thou art."

Satan, heareſt thou thy doom!
Jeſus my deliverer's come!
Paſſion, unbelief, and pride,
Hence be gone, for Chriſt has dy'd.

Hail, my Jeſus, Lord, and God!
Take the purchaſe of thy blood;
Thou didſt give thyſelf for me,
Lo, I give myſelf to Thee.

## CCXLI. *Doubts ſcattered.*

HENCE from my ſoul, ſad thoughts be gone,
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue ſhall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noiſe.

Darkneſs and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd mine eyes in tears,
'Till ſovereign grace, with ſhining rays,
Diſpell'd my gloomy fears.

O, what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine;
When Jeſus told me I was his,
And my beloved mine!

In vain the tempter frights my ſoul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpſe, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

## CCXLII. *Faith in a crucified Saviour.*

O LOVE divine, what haſt thou done!
The Son of God hath dy'd for me;
The Father's co-eternal Son,
Bore all my ſins upon the tree;

The Son of God for me hath dy'd;
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd!

Behold him, all ye that paſs by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace;
Come, ſee, ye worms, your Saviour die,
And ſay, was ever grief like his!
Come, feel, with me, his blood apply'd,
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd!

Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe, the record true.
That we are bought by Jeſu's blood:
Pardon and life flow from his ſide,
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd!

Then let us ſit beneath his croſs,
And gladly catch the healing ſtream;
All things for him account but loſs,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing ſpeak or think beſide,
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd!

## CCXLIII. *Calvary pleaded.*

LAMB of God, whoſe bleeding love,
We now recal to mind;
Send the anſwer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee,
And every ſtruggling ſoul releaſe;

O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody ſweat, we pray;
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our ſins away;
Burſt our bonds, and ſet us free,
From all iniquity releaſe;
O remember, &c.

Let thy blood, by faith apply'd,
The ſinner's pardon ſeal;
Speak us freely juſtify'd,
And all our ſickneſs heal;
By thy paſſion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles ceaſe;
O remember, &c.

Never would we hence depart,
'Till thou our wants relieve;
Write forgiveneſs on each heart,
And all thine image give;
Still our ſouls ſhall cry to thee,
'Till all renew'd in holineſs:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

CCXLIV. *The Stony Heart.*

OH, for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this ſtubborn ſtone away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The ſeas can roar, the mountains ſhake;
Of feeling all things ſhew ſome ſign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

To hear the ſorrows thou haſt felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt!
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine!

Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
Amazing thought! which devils fear;
Goodneſs and wrath in vain combine,
To ſtir this ſtupid heart of mine!

But ſomething yet can do the deed,
And that dear ſomething much I need;
Thy ſpirit can from droſs refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

## CCXLV. *The frozen Heart.*

WHEN ſhall my frozen heart revive?
When ſhall my ſoul begin to live?
Fetter'd with ſin, oppreſs'd with death,
I pant, yet hopeleſs pant, for breath.

Yet againſt hope, I fain would hope,
O that the Lord would raiſe me up;
Would all my unbelief deſtroy,
And let me taſte his people's joy.

Come, breath of life, inſpire my ſoul,
On me let ſtreams of mercy roll;

I know, a tender glance from thee,
Can ſet my burden'd ſpirit free.

Peter's experience tells me ſo,
Tells me what Jeſu's love can do;
The harden'd heart at once it turns,
The icy ſoul it melts and burns.

Lord, kindly reach this heart of mine,
I'd pant to be entirely thine;
To have thy Spirit rule in me,
And bring me into liberty.

## CCXLVI. *Chriſt is All in All.*

TO all my *vileneſs*, Chriſt is *glory* bright,
To all my *mis'ries*, infinite *delight*—
To all my *ign'rance*, *wiſe* without compare,
To my *deformity*, th' eternal *fair*—
*Sight* to my *blindneſs*—to my *meanneſs*, *wealth*,
*Life* to my *death*, and to my *ſickneſs*, *health*;
To *darkneſs*, *light*—my *liberty* in *thrall*—
What ſhall I ſay—my Chriſt is *All* in *All*.

## CCXLVII. *At the Coming of a Miniſter.*

WELCOME, welcome, bleſſed ſervant,
Meſſenger of Jeſu's grace;
O, how beautiful the feet of
Him, that brings good news of peace!
Welcome herald,
Prieſt of God, thy people's joy.

Saviour, bleſs his meſſage to us,
Give us hearts to hear the ſound,
Of redemption, dearly purchas'd,
By thy death and precious wounds;
O reveal it, &c.
To our poor and helpleſs ſouls.

Give reward of grace and glory,
To thy faithful lab'rer dear;
Let the incenſe of our hearts be,
Offer'd up, in faith and prayer;
Bleſs, O bleſs him, &c.
Now, henceforth, for evermore.

## CCXLVIII. *Not aſhamed of Jeſus.*

I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cauſe:
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his croſs.

Jeſus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my truſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.

Firm as his throne, his promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure,
What I've committed to his hands;
'Till the deciſive hour.

Then will he own my worthleſs name,
Before his Father's face;

And in the New Jeruſalem,
Appoint my ſoul a place.

## CCXLIX. *Dear bought Bleſſings.*

HOW condeſcending, and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son;
Our miſery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

[When juſtice, by our ſins provok'd,
Drew forth his dreadful ſword,
He gave his ſoul up to the ſtroke,
Without a murmuring word.

He ſunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raiſe us to his throne;
There's not a gift his hand beſtows,
But coſt his heart a groan.]

This was compaſſion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew,
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His love is ſtill as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let our ſouls forget.

## CCL. *A Miniſter confined by Sickneſs.*

IN ſilent ſadneſs I'm condemn'd,
To ſpend this ſacred day;

Not ſuffer'd to approach thy courts,
To ſing, and preach, and pray.

My willing feet with joy have trod,
Thy palaces of grace;
The dwellings of my King, my God,
Where ſaints behold thy face.

To Zion's opening gates this day,
Th' aſſembling armies move;
The goſpel-trumpet ſweetly ſounds,
With pardon, peace and love.

[The bleſſed ſaints with hearts and tongues,
Unite to ſing thy praiſe;
With ears and hearts in rapture held,
By meſſages of grace.

May they thy glories, Lord, behold,
And feed on heavenly food;
May living waters fill their ſouls,
By grace and ſtrength renew'd.]

Whilſt I'm a priſoner in thy chains,
In darkneſs, grief, and pain,
May I one beam of love divine,
One crumb of grace obtain.

May mercy's hand direct thy rod,
Thy power my ſoul uphold;
The droſs and tin purge all away,
And brighten all the gold.

May every ſin be now deſtroy'd,
And every grace made ſtrong;
Give health, and eaſe, and ſtrength again,
And grace ſhall be my ſong.

CCLI. *For a Public Faſt.*

LORD look on all aſſembled here,
Who in thy preſence ſtand;
To offer up united prayer,
For this our ſinful land.

Oft have we, each in private, pray'd,
Our country might find grace;
Now hear the ſame petitions made,
In this appointed place.

[Or, if amongſt us ſome be met,
So careleſs of their ſin,
Who have not cry'd for mercy yet,
Lord let them now begin.

Thou, by whoſe death poor ſinners live,
By whom their prayers ſucceed;
Thy ſpir't of ſupplication give,
And we ſhall pray indeed.]

We will not ſlack, nor let thee reſt,
But importune thee ſo,
That, till we ſhall be by thee bleſt,
We will not let thee go.

Great God of Hoſts deliverance bring;
Guide thoſe that hold the helm;
Support the ſtate, preſerve the king;
And ſpare the guilty realm.

Or ſhould the dread decree be paſt,
And we muſt feel thy rod;
May faith and patience hold us faſt,
To our correcting God.

Whatever be our deſtin'd caſe,
Accept us in thy Son;
Give us his goſpel, and his grace,
And then thy will be done.

## CCLII. *Self Righteouſneſs renounced*

HOW empty was our former boaſt,
Our fooliſhneſs of pride!
When in ourſelves we put our truſt,
And on our works rely'd.

Strong in the freedom of our will,
Firm in our nature's powers,
We thought to gain the heavenly hill,
And ſeize the crown as ours.

Our good deſires, our hearts ſincere,
Our beſt endeavours ſtood,
T'atone for our tranſgreſſions here,
In place of Jeſu's blood.

[Alas for us! we knew not then,
His blood and righteouſneſs;
Thro' which alone the ſons of men,
Are ſav'd by richeſt grace.]

But now, O gracious God, thy love,
Hath taught us better things;
Our all is given us from above,
From thee ſalvation ſprings.

[Freely thy love delights to ſave,
And ranſoms without price;
[But only that which Jeſus gave,
Our bleeding ſacrifice.]

We own the ſole procuring cauſe,
That precious blood divine;
And ſince our Jeſus dy'd for us,
May we live ever thine.

## CCLIII. *Chriſt a ſure Guide.*

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the cryſtal fountain,
Whence the healing ſtreams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou ſtill my ſtrength and ſhield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears ſubſide;

Death of deaths, and hell's deſtruction,
Land me ſafe on Canaan's ſide:
Songs of praiſes,
I will ever give to thee.

## CCLIV. *Meditation ſweet.*

MUSING on my habitation,
Muſing on my heavenly home,
Fills my ſoul with holy longing,
Come, my Jeſus, quickly come;
Vanity is all I ſee,
Lord, I long to be with thee.

## CCLV. *The Heart given to God.*

LORD, make me faithful to my call,
In heart ſtill truly give up all,
Myſelf to thee reſign;
When dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
Never thy will decline.

My feet with holy oil anoint,
The deſtin'd path, thou doſt appoint,
Gladly I then will tread;
Bedew me with a genial ſhower,
Into my heart thine influence pour,
With living manna feed.

A ſingle eye, a faithful heart,
My Jeſus, to thy child impart,

In every trying hour:
Reaſoning's tormenting thoughts prevent,
Still keep my eye on thee intent,
'Till fight my faith o'erpower.

CCLVI. *A Sinner's laſt and beſt Reſolution.*

SAVIOUR, canſt thou love a traitor?
Canſt thou love a child of wrath?
Can a hell-deſerving creature,
Be the purchaſe of thy death?
Is thy blood ſo efficacious,
As to make my nature clean?
Is thy ſacrifice ſo precious,
As to free me from my ſin?

Sin on every hand ſurrounds me,
No acquittance can I hear;
Pangs of unbelief confound me,
Help me, Lord, my grief to bear;
Here, then, is my reſolution,
At thy deareſt feet to fall;
Here I'll meet my condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.

Now deny thy grace and mercy,
If thou canſt to wretched me;
Lay aſide thy love and pity,
If thou canſt, and let me die;
If I meet with condemnation,
Juſtly I deſerve the ſame;

If I meet with free ſalvation,
I will magnify thy name.

## CCLVII. *The God of Abraham.*

THE God of Abra'm praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlaſting days,
And God of love:
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heaven confeſt;
I bow, and bleſs the ſacred name,
For ever bleſs'd.

The God of Abra'm praiſe,
At whoſe ſupreme command,
From earth I'd riſe, and ſeek the joys,
At thy right hand;
I'd all on earth forſake,
Its wiſdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My ſhield, and tower.

The God of Abra'm praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient grace,
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways;
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himſelf my God!
And he ſhall ſave me to the end,
Thro' Jeſu's blood.

He by himſelf hath ſworn,
I on his oath depend,
I ſhall, on eagles' wings up-borne,
To heaven aſcend;
I ſhall behold his face,
I ſhall his power adore;
And ſing the wonders of his grace,
For evermore.

## PART THE SECOND.

THO' nature's ſtrength decay,
And earth and hell withſtand,
To Canaan's bounds, I urge my way,
At his command:
The watery deep I paſs,
With Jeſus in my view;
And, thro' the howling wilderneſs,
My way purſue.

The goodly land I ſee,
With peace and plenty bleſs'd;
A land of ſacred liberty,
And endleſs reſt;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteouſneſs;

Triumphant o'er the world and ſin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's ſacred height,
His kingdom ſtill maintains;
And glorious, with the ſaints in light,
For ever reigns.

He keeps his own ſecure,
He guards them by his ſide;
Arrays in garments, white and pure,
His ſpotleſs bride:
With ſtreams of ſacred bliſs,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradiſe,
He ſtill ſupplies.

## PART THE THIRD.

BEFORE the Great Three-One,
They all exulting ſtand;
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Thro' all the land;
The liſtening ſpheres attend,
And ſwell the growing fame;
And ſing, in ſongs which never end,
The wondrous NAME.

The God who reigns on high,
The great archangels ſing;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"ALMIGHTY KING!

"WHO WAS, AND IS, THE SAME,
"AND EVERMORE SHALL BE!
"JEHOVAH—FATHER—GREAT I AM!
"WE WORSHIP THEE."

Before the Saviour's face,
The ranſom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
For ever new:
He ſhews his prints of love;
They kindle to a flame;
And ſound, thro' all the worlds above,
The ſlaughter'd Lamb.

The whole triumphant hoſt,
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,"
They ever cry;
Hail, *Abra'm's* God, and *mine!*
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majeſty are thine,
And endleſs praiſe.

CCLVIII. *The Riches of divine Mercy.*

THY mercy, my God,
Is the theme of my ſong;
The joy of my heart,
And the boaſt of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone,
From the firſt to the laſt,

Has won my affections,
And bound my ſoul faſt.

Without thy ſweet mercy,
I could not live here;
Sin ſoon would reduce me,
To utter deſpair;
But, thro' thy free goodneſs,
My ſpirits revive;
And he that firſt made me,
Still keeps me alive.

Whene'er I miſtake,
Thy kind mercy begins
To melt me, and then,
I can mourn for my ſins;
And led by the ſpirit,
To Jeſus's blood,
My ſorrows are dry'd,
And my ſtrength is renew'd.

Thy mercy is more
Than a match for my heart;
Which wonders to feel,
Its own hardneſs depart:
Diſſolv'd by thy preſence,
I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praiſe of
Thy mercy I found.

The doors of thy mercy,
Stand open all day;
To the poor and the needy,
Who knock by the way:

Thy mercy is endleſs,
Moſt tender, and free;
No ſinner need doubt,
Since 'tis given to me.

Dear Father, thy merciful
Word is my all;
Thy promiſe ſupports me,
When ready to fall;
When enemies crowd,
To cauſe doubt and deſpair,
I conquer them all,
By thy Spirit of prayer.

Thy mercy in Jeſus,
Exempts me from hell;
Of thy mercy I'll ſing,
Of thy mercy I'll tell:
'Twas Jeſus *my* Friend,
When he hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel
Of mercy, for *me*.

Great Father of mercies,
Thy goodneſs I own;
And the covenant-love,
Of thy crucify'd Son:
All praiſe to the Spirit,
Whoſe whiſpers divine,
Seal mercy, and pardon,
And righteouſneſs, *mine*.

CCLIX. *Abſence of Chriſt lamented.*

MY time, O ye daughters
Of Sion, did run,
Moſt ſweetly and ſoftly,
When Chriſt was my ſun;
Thro' darkneſs I fearleſs,
Could walk by his light;
His rays were my comfort,
His ſhield was my might.

When Jeſus was with me,
By day or by night,
Tho' darkneſs was round me,
My ſoul was ſtill light;
My joys and my comforts,
Enraptur'd my mind;
While under his ſhadow,
I ſweetly reclin'd.

What time in communion,
With Jeſus I ſpent,
'Twas heaven all over,
Where-ever I went;
And oft, when his kindneſs,
I've felt on my heart,
In raptures I pray'd,
He would never depart.

His mercy and love,
Were the theme of my ſong;

To praiſe and adore him,
The joy of my tongue;
To talk of his goodneſs,
My daily delight;
To think on his kindneſs,
My pleaſure by night.

But when he is abſent,
My comforts are gone,
My heart is dejected,
And hard as a ſtone;
Nor nature or creature,
Delight can impart,
'Till Jeſus return,
The ſole joy of my heart.

That e'er I ſhould grieve thee,
My Lord and my Lamb,
Sore vexes my ſoul,
And o'erwhelms me with ſhame;
The ſweets of thy favor,
And love felt before,
Reſtore, my Dear Jeſus,
And leave me no more.

## CCLX. *Before Sermon.*

SOURCE of light and power divine,
Deign upon thy truth to ſhine;
Lord, behold thy ſervant ſtands,
Lo, to thee he lifts his hands;
Satisfy his ſoul's deſire,
Touch his lips with holy fire.

Ope thy treaſure, ſo ſhall fall,
Unction ſweet on him, on all:
'Till, by odours ſcatter'd round,
Chriſt himſelf be trac'd and found;
Then ſhall every raptur'd heart,
Rich in peace and joy depart.

CCLXI. *The Same*

DEAREST Saviour, help thy ſervant,
To proclaim thy wondrous love!
O that every ſoul here preſent,
May thy grace and truth approve;
Bleſs, O bleſs us,
From thy ſhining courts above.

Now thy gracious word invites us,
To partake thy goſpel-feaſt;
Let thy Spirit now unite us,
Each to thee a willing gueſt;
O receive us,
To thy glorious promis'd reſt.

CCLXII. *Saints cannot Periſh.*

FIRM, as the earth, thy goſpel ſtands,
My Lord, my hope, my truſt;
If I am found in Jeſu's hands,
My ſoul can ne'er be loſt.

His honor is engag'd to ſave,
The meaneſt of his ſheep;

All that his heavenly Father gave,
His hands ſecurely keep.

Nor death, nor hell ſhall e'er remove,
His fav'rites from his breaſt;
In the dear boſom of his love,
They *muſt* for ever reſt.

## CCLXIII. *Heart of Stone diſſolved.*

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jeſus,
Can relieve us from our ſmart;
Nothing elſe from guilt releaſe us,
Nothing elſe can melt the heart.

Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a ſenſe of blood-bought pardon,
Soon diſſolves a heart of ſtone.

Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,
How to mourn, and not deſpair;
Let us, leaning on thy merit,
Wreſtle hard with God in prayer.

Whatſo'er afflictions ſeize us,
They ſhall profit, if not pleaſe:
But defend, defend us, Jeſus,
From ſecurity and eaſe.

## CCLXIV. *Electing Grace.*

JESUS, we bleſs thy Father's name,
Thy God and ours are both the ſame;

What heavenly bleſſings from his throne,
Flow down to ſinners thro' his Son!

Chriſt be my firſt elect, he ſaid,
Then choſe our ſouls, in Chriſt our head;
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

Thus did eternal love begin,
To raiſe us up from death and ſin:
Our characters were then decreed,
Blameleſs in love, a holy ſeed.

Predeſtinated to be ſons,
Born by degrees, but choſe at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praiſe the glory of his grace.

With Chriſt our Lord we ſhare our part,
In the affections of his heart;
Nor ſhall our ſouls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his firſt-belov'd.

## CCLXV. *The Phariſee and Publican.*

BEHOLD how ſinners diſagree,
The Publican and Phariſee;
One doth his righteouſneſs proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and ſhame.

This man at humble diſtance ſtands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly riſes near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

The Lord their different language knows,
And different anſwers he beſtows;
The humble ſoul with grace he crowns,
Whilſt on the proud his anger frowns.

Dear Father, let me never be,
Join'd with the boaſting Phariſee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the ſufferings of thy Son.

## CCLXVI. *Heaven a glorious Reſt*

OH when ſhall we, ſupremely bleſt
Enter into our glorious reſt;
Partake the triumphs of the ſky,
And holy, holy, holy, cry!

With all thy heavenly hoſts, with all,
Thy bleſſed ſaints, we then ſhall fall;
And ſing in ecſtacy unknown,
And praiſe thee on thy dazzling throne.

## CCLXVII. *Mortality.*

THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be.

Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dangerous road;
And when our ſouls are taken hence,
May they be found with God.

Aſſure us that our worthleſs names,
Are graven on thy hands;
Shew us ſome promiſe in thy book,
Where our ſalvation ſtands.

## CCLXVIII. *Reſignation.*

SINCE all the downward tracts of time
God's watchful eye ſurveys,
O! who ſo wiſe to chooſe our lot,
And regulate our ways!

Aſſured of his wondrous love,
Unmeaſurably kind,
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wiſh reſign'd.

Good, when he gives, ſupremely good,
Nor leſs when he denies;
Even croſſes from his ſovereign hand,
Are bleſſings in diſguiſe.

In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inſcribe my name;
There let it fill ſome humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

Thy ſaints, while ages roll away,
In endleſs fame ſurvive;
Their glories, o'er the wrongs of time,
Greatly triumphant, live.

## CCLXIX. *Jesus does all things well.*

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord, my voice I'll raise;
With all his saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express;
But, O his love, what tongue can tell!
My Jesus has done all things well.

How sovereign, wonderful, and free,
Has been his love to sinful me!
This pluck'd me from the jaws of hell;
My Jesus has done all things well.

[I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And yet he undertook my cause,
To save me, tho' I did rebel;
My Jesus has done all things well.]

And since my soul has known his love,
What mercies has he made me prove;
Mercies which do all praise excel;
My Jesus has done all things well.

Whene'er my Saviour and my God,
Has on me laid his gentle rod,
I know, in all that me befel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

[Tho' many a fiery flaming dart,
The tempter levels at my heart;

With this I all his rage repel,
My Jeſus has done all things well.

Sometimes my Lord his face doth hide,
To make me pray or kill my pride;
Yet then it on my mind does dwell,
My Jeſus has done all things well.]

Soon ſhall I paſs the vale of death,
And in his arms ſhall looſe my breath;
Yet then my happy ſoul ſhall tell,
My Jeſus has done all things well.

And when to that bright world I riſe,
And join the anthems of the ſkies,
Above the reſt *this* note ſhall ſwell,
My Jeſus has done all things well.

## CCLXX. *Renewed Acts of Faith.*

SEE a poor ſinner, deareſt Lord,
Whoſe ſoul, encourag'd by thy word,
At mercy's footſtool would remain,
And there would look, and look again.

How oft, deceiv'd by ſelf and pride,
Has my poor heart been turn'd aſide!
And Jonah like has fled from thee,
Till thou haſt look'd again on me.

Ah bring a wetched wanderer home,
And to thy footſtool let me come;
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait, and look, and look again.

Take courage, then, my trembling ſoul,
One look from Chriſt will make thee whole;
Truſt thou in him, 'tis not in vain,
But wait, and look, and look again.

[Do ſatan's darts thy ſoul moleſt?
Does dark deſertion fill thy breaſt?
Art thou almoſt with ſorrows ſlain?
Yet wait, and look, and look again.

Do fears and doubts thy ſoul annoy,
And thundering tempeſts drown thy joy?
And canſt thou not one ſmile obtain?
Yet wait, and look, and look again.]

Look to the Lord, his word, his throne;
Look to his grace, and not your own:
There wait and look, and look again;
You ſhall not wait, nor look in vain.

[Ere long that happy day will come,
When I ſhall reach my bliſsful home;
And when to glory I attain,
O then I'll look, and look again.]

CCLXXI. *Jeſus a living Redeemer.*

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this ſweet ſentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living head.

He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to ſave;

He lives all glorious in the ſky,
He lives exalted there on high.

He lives to bleſs me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above;
He lives my hungry ſoul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

He lives to grant me rich ſupply,
He lives to guide me with his eye;
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my ſoul's complaint.

He lives to cruſh the powers of hell,
He lives that he may in me dwell;
He lives to heal and make me whole,
He lives to guard my feeble ſoul.

He lives to ſilence all my fears,
He lives to ſtoop and wipe my tears;
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all bleſſings to impart.

He lives my kind, my heavenly Friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives I'll ſing,
He lives my Prophet, Prieſt, and King.

He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I ſhall conquer death;
He lives my manſion to prepare,
He lives to bring me ſafely there.

He lives, all glory to his name,
He lives my Jeſus ſtill the ſame;

O the ſweet joy this ſentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

CCLXXII. *Him.* Acts v. 31.

JOIN all who love the Saviour's name,
And ſing his everlaſting fame:
Great God prepare each heart and voice,
In Him for ever to rejoice.

Of Him what wondrous things are told,
In Him what glories I behold!
For Him I gladly all things leave,
To Him my ſoul, for ever cleave.

In Him my treaſure's all contain'd,
By Him my feeble ſoul's ſuſtain'd;
From Him I all things now receive,
Thro' Him my ſoul doth daily live.

With Him I daily love to walk,
Of Him my ſoul delights to talk;
On Him I caſt my every care,
Like Him one day I ſhall appear.

Bleſs Him, my ſoul, from day to day,
Truſt Him to bring thee on thy way;
Give Him thy poor, weak, ſinful heart,
With Him, O never, never part.

Take Him for ſtrength and righteouſneſs,
Make Him thy refuge in diſtreſs;
Love Him above all earthly joy,
And Him in every thing employ.

Praiſe Him in chearful, grateful ſongs,
To Him your higheſt praiſe belongs;
Bleſs Him who does your heaven prepare,
And Him you'll praiſe for ever there.

## CCLXXIII. *Sacrament.*

HAPPY the man to whom 'tis given,
To eat the bread of life in heaven:
This happineſs in Chriſt we prove,
Who feaſt on his forgiving love.

## CCLXXIV. *Sabbath Evening.*

FOR all the bleſſings of the day,
Humble thankſgiving let us pay;
And when to endleſs day we ſoar,
Our praiſe ſhall be for ever more.

Thy mercies, Lord, how great they are,
How kind, how conſtant is thy care!
In thee, and thee alone, we live,
And every gift and grace receive.

Our guide thou all the day haſt been,
O ſave us, Lord, from this day's ſin
Remain our Saviour ſtill, and be
Our hope, our guard eternally.

Into thy hands we, ſinful duſt,
Our ſouls commend, our bodies truſt;
Nor doubt we, but our only friend,
Loves, and will love us to the end.

## CCLXXV *The Sinner ranſomed from Hell.*

BEGIN, ye ſaints, the happy ſong,
Let love inſpire the theme;
'Tis Jeſus's grace,
That calls for our praiſe,
'Twas Jeſus alone did redeem.

When Juſtice fix'd the ſinner's fate,
In endleſs woe to dwell,
'Twas Jeſus that ſtood,
Reſiſting to blood,
And ranſom'd the ſinner from hell.

Our only Advocate and Friend,
The mighty work has wrought;
When he bow'd his head,
*'Tis finiſh'd*, he ſaid,
O ſinner, exult at the thought!

A ſpotleſs victim to the croſs,
Himſelf he thus reſign'd;
Then enter'd the grave,
The wretched to ſave,
The poor, and the halt, and the blind.

Lo! now in bliſs our cauſe he pleads,
'Till we behold his face;
Unchangeable love,
To us he will prove,
Eternal in mercy and grace.

Then let us liſt our loudeſt praiſe,
To Sion's holy King;
He's worthy, we own,
Who ſits on the throne;
Hoſanna to Jeſus we ſing.

## CCLXXVI. CHRISTMAS.

*Titles of Chriſt celebrated.*

WHAT joyful news ſalutes our ears,
From yonder heavenly choir!
How glorious the ſong,
Of that happy throng,
To Him, whom *all nations deſire*!

Behold what glories fill the ſkies,
Hear how they chant his praiſe!
"*Good tidings we bring,*
"*Great Joy from your King;*
*Fear not*, '—'Tis a meſſage of grace.

"*All glory be to God aſcrib'd,*"
Who reigns enthron'd on high;
"*Lo! peace upon earth,*"
At JESUS's birth,
"*Good-will unto men,*" is their cry.

Hail, "EVERLASTING FATHER," hail!
And yet th' INCARNATE SON;
Tho' "The MIGHTY LORD,"
Thy name be ador'd,
An infant in time art become!

Welcome the dear-lov'd, "PRINCE OF PEACE,"
Born that we ne'er might die;
The "COUNSELLOR'S" fame,
Of "WONDERFUL" name,
We ſing in a rapture of joy.

Loud hallelujahs reach the ſky,
At our IMMANUEL'S birth,
The "ANTIENT OF DAYS,"
His mercy diſplays,
While born of a virgin on earth.

## CCLXXVII. *Chriſt Lord of All.*

ALL hail! the great Immanuel's name,
Let angels proſtrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of All.

Let high-born ſeraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall,
Before his face, who tunes the choir,
And crown Him Lord of All.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the ſtem of Jeſſe's rod,
And crown him Lord of All.

Crown him, ye morning ſtars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the ſtrength of Iſrael's might,
And crown Him Lord of All.

Ye choſen ſeed of Iſrael's race,
Ye ranſom'd of the fall,
Hail him, who ſaves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of All.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man Divine!
And crown him Lord of All.

Sinners, whoſe love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall,
Go ſpread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of All.

Let every tribe, and every tongue,
That bound creation's ball,
Now ſhout, in univerſal ſong,
The crowned Lord of All.

## CCLXXVIII. *Aſſurance of Faith.*

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I ſing;
Nor fear, with thy righteouſneſs on,
My perſon and offering to bring;
The terrors of *law* and of God,
With me can have nothing to do:
My Saviour's obedience and blood,
Hide all my tranſgreſſions from view.

The work which his goodneſs began,
The arm of his ſtrength will complete;

His promiſe is yea, and amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things, below nor above,
Can make him his purpoſe forego,
Or ſever my ſoul from his love.

My name from the palms of his hands,
Eternity will not eraſe;
Impreſt on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end ſhall endure,
As ſure as the earneſt is given;
More happy, but not more ſecure,
The glorify'd ſpirits in heaven.

## CCLXXIX. *Worthy the Lamb.*

GLORY to God on high,
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praiſe ye his name;
Angels his love adore,
Who all our ſorrows bore;
And ſaints cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

All they around the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praiſing his name;

We, who have felt his blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad;
Worthy the Lamb!

Join, all the ranſom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bleſs;
Praiſe ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
Making a chearful noiſe;
And ſhout, with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

Tho' we muſt change our place,
Yet we ſhall never ceaſe,
Praiſing his name;
To him we'll tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And, without ceaſing, ſing,
Worthy the Lamb!

## CCLXXX. *Wonders of Grace.*

GRACE! 'tis a charming ſound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo ſhall reſound,
And all the earth ſhall hear.

Grace firſt contriv'd a way,
To ſave rebellious man;
And all the ſteps did grace diſplay,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

'Twas grace that wrote my name,
In thine eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my ſorrows took.

Grace forc'd my wandering feet,
To tread the heavenly road;
And new ſupplies each hour I meet,
While preſſing on to God.

Grace taught my ſoul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

Grace all the work ſhall crown,
Through everlaſting days;
It lays in heaven, the top-moſt ſtone,
And well deſerves the praiſe.

O let thy grace inſpire,
My ſoul, with ſtrength divine;
May all my powers to thee aſpire,
And all my days be thine.

## CCLXXXI. *Preſerving Grace.*

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praiſe my maker in my ſong;
Angels ſhall hear the notes I raiſe,
Approve the ſong, and join the praiſe.

To God I cry'd, when troubles roſe,
He heard me, and ſubdu'd my foes;
My riſing fears he did controul,
And ſtrength diffus'd through all my ſoul.

Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand;
His words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To ſave from ſorrows, and from ſins;
The work that wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forſakes.

## CCLXXXII. *Support to an afflicted Chriſtian.*

WHEN langour and diſeaſe invade,
This trembling houſe of clay,
'Tis ſweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend,
The whiſpers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place,
Where Jeſus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and ſee my name,
In life's fair book ſet down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold,
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect, how grace divine,
My ſins on Jeſus laid;
Sweet to remember, that his blood,
My debt of ſuffering paid.

Sweet in his righteouſneſs to ſtand,
Which ſaves from ſecond death;
Sweet to experience day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

Sweet on his faithfulneſs to reſt,
Whoſe love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To truſt his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie paſſive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

If ſuch the ſweetneſs of the ſtreams,
What muſt the fountain be?
Where ſaints and angels draw their bliſs,
Immediately from thee!

CCLXXXIII, *All our Springs in God.*

BLESS the Lord, my ſoul, and raiſe,
A glad and grateful ſong;
To my dear Redeemer's praiſe,
For I to Him belong.

He, my goodneſs, ſtrength, and God,
In whom I live, and move, and am,
Paid my ranſom with his blood;
My portion is the Lamb.

Tho' temptations ſeldom ceaſe,
Tho' frequent griefs I feel,
Yet his Spirit whiſpers peace,
And he is with me ſtill;
Weak of body, ſick in ſoul,
Depreſt at heart, and faint with fears,
His dear preſence makes me whole,
And with ſweet comfort chears.

O my Jeſus, thou art mine,
With all thy grace and power;
I am now, and ſhall be thine,
When time ſhall be no more;
Thou reviv'ſt me by thy death;
Thy blood from guilt has ſet me free;
My freſh ſprings of hope, and faith,
And love, are all in thee.

## CCLXXXIV. *Final Perſeverance.*

IF ever it could come to paſs,
That ſheep of Chriſt might fall away,
My fickle, feeble ſoul, alas!
Would fall a thouſand times a day;
Were not thy love as firm as free,
Thou ſoon wouldſt take it, Lord, from me.

I on thy promiſes depend,
(At leaſt, I to depend deſire),
That thou wilt love me to the end,
Be with me in temptation's fire;
Wilt *for* me work, and *in* me too,
And guide me right, and bring me through.

No other ſtay have I beſide,
If theſe can alter, I muſt fall;
I look to thee to be ſupply'd,
With life, with will, with power, with all:
Rich ſouls may glory in their ſtore;
But Jeſus will relieve the poor.

CCLXXXV. *Living on Chriſt's Fulneſs.*

LAMB of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly truſting in thy croſs;
That alone be all our glory,
All things elſe are dung and droſs;
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only ſource of all that's good;
Every grace and every favour,
Come to us thro' Jeſu's blood.

Jeſus gives us true repentance,
By his Spirit ſent from heaven:
Jeſus whiſpers this ſweet ſentence,
"Son, thy ſins are all forgiven;"
Faith he gives us to believe it,
Grateful hearts his love to prize;

Want we wiſdom? he muſt give it
Hearing ears, and ſeeing eyes.

Jeſus gives us pure affections,
Wills to do what he requires;
Makes us follow his directions,
And what he commands, inſpires;
All our prayers, and all our praiſes,
Rightly offer'd in his name;
He that dictates them, is Jeſus;
He that anſwers, is the ſame.

When we live on Jeſu's merit,
Then we worſhip God aright:
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Then we ſavingly unite;
Hear the whole concluſion of it,
Great or good, whate'er we call,
God, or King, or Prieſt, or Prophet,
Jeſus Chriſt is All in All.

## CCLXXXVI. *The Prodigal returned.*

NOW for a wondrous ſong,
Keep diſtance ye profane;
Be ſilent, each unhallow'd tongue,
Nor turn the truth to bane.

The Prodigal's return'd,
Th' apoſtate bold and baſe;
That all his Father's counſels ſpurn'd,
And long abus'd his grace.

What treatment ſince he came!
Love tenderly expreſt;
What robe is brought to hide his ſhame!
The beſt; the very beſt!

Rich food the ſervants bring,
Sweet muſic charms his ears;
See what a beauteous coſtly ring,
The beggar's finger wears!

Ye elder ſons, be ſtill;
Give no bad paſſions vent:
My brethren, 'tis our Father's will,
And you muſt be content.

All that he has is yours,
Rejoice then, not repine;
That love, that all *your* ſtates ſecures,
That love has alter'd *mine*.

Good God, are theſe thy ways?
If rebels thus are freed,
And favour'd with peculiar grace,
Grace muſt be free indeed!

## CCLXXXVII. *Salvation to the Lamb.*

POOR ſinner, come, caſt off thy fear,
And raiſe thy drooping head;
Come, ſing with all poor ſinners here,
Jeſus, who once was dead;
*Salvation* ſing; no word more meet,
To join to Jeſu's name;

Let every thankful tongue repeat.
*Salvation to the Lamb.*

Saints, from the garden to the croſs,
Your conq'ring Lord purſue;
Who dearly to redeem your loſs,
Groan'd, bled, and dy'd for you;
Now reigns victorious over death,
The glorious great I AM;
Let every ſoul repeat, with faith,
*Salvation to the Lamb.*

When we incur'd the wrath of God,
Alas, what could we worſe!
He came, and with his own heart's blood,
Redeem'd us from the curſe;
This Paſchal Lamb, our heavenly meat,
Was roaſted in the flame;
Repeat, ye ranſom'd ſouls, repeat,
*Salvation to the Lamb.*

## CCLXXXVIII. *Chriſt a Fountain.*

THE fountain of Chriſt,
Aſſiſt me to ſing,
The blood of our Prieſt,
Our crucify'd King;
Which perfectly cleanſes,
From ſin, and from filth;

And richly diſpenſes,
Salvation and health.

This fountain ſo dear,
He'll freely impart;
Unlock'd by the ſpear,
It guſh'd from his heart;
With blood and with water,
The firſt to atone;
To cleanſe us the latter,
The fountain's but One.

This fountain is ſuch,
As thouſands can tell,
The moment we touch,
Its ſtreams, we are well;
All waters beſide them,
Are full of the curſe;
For all that have try'd them,
Swell, rot, and grow worſe.

This fountain, ſick ſoul,
Recovers thee quite;
Bathe here and be whole,
Waſh here and be white;
Whatever diſeaſes,
Or dangers befal,
The fountain of Jeſus,
Will rid thee of all.

This fountain from guilt,
Not only makes pure,

And gives, ſoon as felt,
Infallible cure;
But if guilt removed,
Return and remain,
Its power may be proved,
Again, and again.

This fountain unſeal'd,
Stands open for all,
That long to be heal'd,
The great and the ſmall;
Here's ſtrength for the weakly,
That hither are led;
Here's health for the ſickly,
Here's life for the dead.

This fountain tho' rich,
From charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch,
The welcomer here;
Come needy, come guilty,
Come loathſome and bare;
You can't come too filthy—
Come juſt as you are.

This fountain in vain,
Has never been try'd;
It takes out all ſtain,
Whenever apply'd;
The water flows ſweetly,
With virtue divine,
To cleanſe ſouls completely,
Tho' leprous as mine.

## CCLXXXIX.

*The Name of Jeſus.*

HOW ſweet the name of Jeſus ſounds,
In a believer's ear!
It ſoothes his ſorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded ſpirit whole,
And calms the troubled breaſt;
'Tis manna to the hungry ſoul,
And to the weary, reſt.

Dear name, the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding place;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd,
With boundleſs ſtores of grace!

Jeſus, my Shepherd, Huſband, Friend,
My Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praiſe I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmeſt thought;
But when I ſee thee as thou art,
I'll praiſe thee as I ought.

'Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the muſic of thy name,
Refreſh my ſoul in death.

## CCXC.

*Praiſe for the Fountain opened.*

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And ſinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to ſee,
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Waſh'd all my ſins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never loſe its power;
Till all the ranſom'd church of God,
Be ſav'd, to ſin no more.

E'er ſince, by faith, I ſaw the ſtream,
Thy flowing wounds ſupply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And ſhall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, ſweeter ſong,
I'll ſing thy power to ſave;
When this poor liſping ſtamm'ring tongue,
Lies ſilent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou haſt prepar'd,
(Unworthy tho' I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'Tis ſtrung, and tun'd, for endleſs years,
And form'd, by power divine,

To ſound, in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

## CCXCI. *The Pool of Bethesda.*

BESIDE the goſpel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year, my helpleſs ſoul,
Has waited for a cure.

How often have I ſeen,
The healing waters move;
And others, round me, ſtepping in,
Their efficacy prove!

But my complaints remain—
I feel the very ſame;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at firſt I came.

O would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languiſh'd here,
And what diſtreſs I feel.

How often have I thought,
Why ſhould I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have ſought,
Is not for ſuch as I.

But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where ſtreams of ſovereign virtue flow,
To make a ſinner whole.

Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jeſus hear a ſinner pray,
Yet ſuffer him to die?

No: he is full of grace,
He never will permit,
A ſoul, that fain would ſee his face,
To periſh at his feet.

## CCXCII.

*Light ſhining out of Darkneſs.*

GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſovereign will.

Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take,
The clouds ye ſo much dread,
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break,
In bleſſings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a ſmiling face.

His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

## CCXCIII.

*Spiritual Apparel, namely, The Robe of Righteouſneſs, and Garments of Salvation.* Iſa. lxi. 10.

AWAKE, my heart, ariſe, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice:
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

'Twas he adorn'd my naked ſoul,
And made ſalvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm,
He makes his graces ſhine.

And leſt the ſhadow of a ſpot,
Should on my ſoul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And caſt it all around.

How far this heavenly robe exceeds,
What earthly princes wear,
Theſe ornaments, how bright they ſhine,
How white the garments are!

The Spirit wrought my faith, my love,
And hope, and evrey grace;
But Jeſus ſpent his life to work,
The robe of righteouſneſs.

Strangely, my ſoul, thou art array'd,
By the great ſacred Three!
In ſweeteſt harmony of praiſe,
Let all thy powers agree.

## CCXIV.

*The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.*

WHEN I can read my title clear,
To manſions in the ſkies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth againſt my ſoul engage,
And helliſh darts be hurl'd,
Then I can ſmile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall,
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My God, my Heav'n, my All.

Then ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt.

## DISMISSION.

LORD, diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love poſſeſſing,
Triumph in *Redeeming Grace*;
O refreſh us, O refreſh us, O, &c.
Trav'ling through this wilderneſs.

*Thanks* we give, and *adoration*,
For thy *goſpel's* joyful ſound;
May the fruits of thy ſalvation,
In our *hearts* and *lives* abound,
May thy preſence, &c.
With us evermore be found.

So, whene'er the ſignal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the ſummons to obey,
May we ever, &c.
Reign with Chriſt in endleſs day.

### *The Same.*

IF Jeſus be yours, You have a true Friend,
His goodneſs endures, The ſame to the end;
Your tempers may vary, Your comforts decline,
You cannot miſcarry, Your aid is divine.

*The Same.*

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whoſe love is as large as his power,
And neither knows meaſure nor end:
Tis Jeſus, the firſt and the laſt,
Whoſe Spirit ſhall guide us ſafe home,
We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt,
And truſt him for all that's to come.

*The Same.*

SALVATION, O the joyful ſound,
'Tis pleaſure to our ears!
A ſovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears!
Salvation, let the echo fly,
The ſpacious earth around;
While all the armies of the ſky,
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound!

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praiſe, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jeſus Chriſt is our Redeemer.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Praiſe the Lord.

DISMISS us with thy bleſſing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word:
All that has been amiſs, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,
Waſh all our works in Jeſu's blood;
Give every fetter'd ſoul releaſe,
And bid us all depart in peace.

*The Same.*

OUR lives, our blood we here preſent,
If for thy ſake they may be ſpent;
Fulfil thy ſovereign counſel, Lord,
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.

*The Same.*

GIVE us thy ſtrength, thou God of power,
Tho' men may ſcorn, and ſatan roar,
Thy faithful witneſſes are we;
'Tis our's—we can do all through thee.

*The Same.*

MERCY, good Lord, mercy I crave;
This is the total ſum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my ſuit,
Lord, let thy mercy come.

*The Same.*

TO farther go to night, but ſtay,
Dear Saviour, 'till the break of day,
Turn in, dear Lord, with me;
And in the morning, when I wake,
Me in thine arms, my Jeſus, take,
And I'll go on with thee.

*The Same.*

I WILL lay me down to ſleep,
And ſafely take my reſt;
Me commend to Jeſu's grace,
And lean upon his breaſt;
So, if Jeſus pleaſe, I'll ſleep,
While troops of angels are my guard;
O, my Shepherd, love and keep,
And be my great reward.

*The Same.*

NONE but Jeſus will we ſing,
None elſe will we adore;
He our Prophet, Prieſt, and King,
Shall be for evermore;
None among the heavenly powers,
Nor one on earth, our praiſe may claim;
None but Jeſus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb.

## DOXOLOGIES.

PRAISE God, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heavenly hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly hoſt,
To praiſe thee evermore:
Live, by heaven and earth ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee.

SING we to our God above,
Praiſe, eternal as his love:
Praiſe him, all ye heavenly hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

TO God who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,
Our guilt and curſe t' remove;
To that bleſt Spir't, who life imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
Be endleſs glory, praiſe, and love.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Be praiſe amidſt the heavenly hoſt,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures drew their birth,
By whom redemption bleſs'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

GIVE to the Father praiſe,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace,
Be equal honours done.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raiſe;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praiſe;
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we ſing,
While faith adores.

*The following Verſe is ſometimes ſung as the laſt Verſe of the* 48*th Hymn, page* 40.

O may I bear ſome humble part,
In that immortal ſong;
Wonder and love ſhall tune my heart,
And praiſe command my tongue.

FINIS.

## CCXCV *Lord remember me.*

O THOU from whom all goodneſs flows,
I lift my voice to thee;
In all my ſorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord remember me.

When guilt lies heavy on my heart,
Thy merits are my plea;
My pardon ſpeak, and peace impart—
In love remember me.

From ſin's defilement in my ſoul,
I pant to be ſet free;
To ſave, and cleanſe, and make me whole
Dear Lord remember me.

Temptations ſore obſtruct my way—
Lord to my ſuccour flee;
Give ſtrength accord ing to my day—
For good remember me.

If, for my love to thy dear name,
I muſt reproached be;
I'll hail reproach, and welcome ſhame,
If thou remember me.

When I draw near the vale of death,
And meet the juſt decree;
Saviour, with my laſt parting breath,
I'll cry, remember me.

## CCXCVI. *Chriſt unchangeable*

WHAT a changing world is this!
Void of all ſubſtantial bliſs;
All we ſee beneath the ſun,
In ſucceſſive changes run;
But our Jeſus proves the ſame,
Endleſs bleſſings on his name.

Wiſdom, holineſs, and might,
Truth and juſtice are his right;
Boundleſs goodneſs, love ſupreme,
Flow'd eternally from him;
Jeſus Chriſt is ſtill the ſame,
Endleſs bleſſings on his name.

Abram's bold rebellious race,
Found him full of truth and grace;
Prieſts and Prophets, all have told,
What he did for ſaints of old;
Jeſus Chriſt is ſtill the ſame,
Endleſs bleſſings on his name.

Let us to his throne repair,
Wait with humble patience there;
He will ſoon our cries attend,
Love and ſave us to the end;
He will ever prove the ſame,
Endleſs bleſſings on his name.

## CCXCVII *Kingdom of Chriſt enlarged.*

LET us ſing the King Meſſiah,
King of righteouſneſs and peace;
Hail him, all his happy ſubjects,
Never let his praiſes ceaſe;
Ever hail him,
Rich in mercy, truth and grace.

Gird thy ſword on, mighty Saviour,
Make the word of truth thy ear;
Proſper in thy courſe majeſtic,
All ſucceſs attend thy war;
Mighty victor,
Make the world before thee bow.

Majeſty, conbin'd with meekneſs,
Righteouſneſs and peace unite;
To enſure thy bleſſed conqueſts,
Aſcertain, great Prince, thy right;
Ride triumphant,
All aronnd the conquer'd globe.

Bleſt are they that touch thy ſceptre,
Pardon, peace, and joy obtain;
Freed from ſin, that worſt of tyrants,
Reſcu'd from its galling chain;
Saints and angels,
All who know thee bleſs they reign.

## CCXCVIII. *Offices of the Holy Spirit.*

YE ſaints begin a cheerful ſong,
Ye angels bear a part;
To the Spirit we raiſe,
An anthem of praiſe,
Who builds up his throne in our heart.

When ſin's malignant poiſon ſpread,
O'er Adam's wretched race,
This heavenly Dove,
Came down from above;
To change them by infinite grace.

'Tis he diſplays the bleeding croſs,
And prompts us to believe;
Our pardon he ſeals,
And Jeſus reveals,
As able and willing to ſave.

When ſatan riſes like a flood,
To deluge us in grief;
His rage he confounds,
And ſets him his bounds;
Affording us timely relief.

By him we meet to praiſe and pray,
And prove his worſhip ſweet;
By him we aſcend,
To Jeſus our friend;
And caſt down our crowns at his feet.

Now to this heavenly paraclete,
Your choiceſt offerings bring;
Amen, and amen;
Repeat it again;
All praiſe to the Spirit we ſing.

## CCXCIX *Deſertion.*

ONCE was my ſoul indulg'd to prove,
The ſmiles of Jeſu's face;
I knew my intereſt in his love,
And triumph'd in his grace.

I thought of hell with fearleſs heart,
And wanted death to come;
It ſeem'd ſo pleaſant to depart,
And dwell with Chriſt at home.

But ah, theſe pleaſing hours are fled!
My Lord no more appears;
This ſtrikes my choiceſt comforts dead,
And fills my ſoul with fears.

And ſhall this ſcene for ever laſt,
Will Chriſt return no more?
O lovely Lamb, make haſte, make haſte,
And former joys reſtore.

## CCC. *Diſtreſs.*

ONCE more we meet to pray,
Once more our guilt confeſs;
Turn not, O Lord, thine ears away,
From creatures in diſtreſs.

Our ſins to heaven aſcend,
And there for vengeance cry;
O God! behold the ſinner's friend,
Who intercedes on high.

Tho' we are vile indeed,
And well deſerve thy curſe;
The merits of thy Son we plead,
Who liv'd and dy'd for us.

Now let thy bowels yearn,
As they have done before;
Return to us, O God, return!
And ne'er forſake us more.

## CCCI. *Prayer for Rain.*

NOW may the Lord of earth and ſkies,
Regard us when we call;
'Tis he who bids the vapours riſe,
And ſhowers abundant fall.

On thee, our God, we all depend,
For life, and health, and food;
O make refreſhing drops deſcend,
And crown the year with good.

The evil and the juſt partake,
Theſe bounties of thy hand;
Nor will a God of love forſake,
This long indulged land,

Let grace come down, as copious rain,
On Sion's drooping field;
So ſhall our ſouls revive again,
And fruits abundant yield.

The ſmiling nature ſhall expreſs,
Her mighty maker's praiſe;
And we, the children of thy grace,
Join her harmonious lays.

## CCCII. *Wet Harveſt.*

O God, whoſe bounteous hand has crown'd,
The ſmiling fields with grain;
Let not theſe precious fruits be drown'd,
With deſolating rain.

Command the threatening ſhowers to ceaſe,
And make the ſky ſerene;
That this revolving year's increaſe,
May all be gather'd in.

Thou, who doſt hear the ravens cry,
Our earneſt prayers attend;
The needy poor with bread ſupply,
And all our ſouls befriend.

We now the Goſpel harveſt ſhare,
But this will ſoon be paſt;
With grace abundant bleſs us here,
And ſave our ſouls at laſt.

## CCCIII. *Good Harveſt.*

ONCE more our condeſcending God,
Has ſent an harveſt rich and good;
Nor cank'ring worm, nor hoſtile band,
Has ſpoil'd the produce of the land.

With kindly rays thy favors ſmile,
On Britain's long befriended iſle;
O let this favor'd iſle, at large,
Her work of gratitude diſcharge.

We bleſs thy name for ſun and ſhowers,
And all the good that nature pours;
But thine enriching ſtores of grace,
Tranſcend our higheſt notes of praiſe.

Pour out thy gracious ſpirit Lord,
And ſpread the influence of thy word;
Till ſaints a richer harveſt riſe,
To fill the garner of the ſkies.

## CCCIV. *Cloſe of the Year.*

WE raiſe our Eben-ezer here,
With thankful hearts and joyful tongues;
For God has crown'd the cloſing year,
With love, that claims our higheſt ſongs.

From month to month, from day to day,
Our cup with bleſſings he did fill;
He led through each intricate way,
And bleſſes and protects us ſtill!

But, gracious God, it damps our joys,
Our baſe ingratitude to ſee;
Amidſt ſuch love, ſuch rich ſupplies,
How ſeldom do we think of thee!

Forgive, forgive our mighty guilt,
Nor let thine anger, Lord, appear;
Look on the blood the Saviour ſpilt,
And let a pardon cloſe the year.

## CCCV. *Baptiſm.*

BEHOLD us now aſſembled Lord,
Here let thy ſacred preſence be;
We are inſtructed in thy word,
That children may be brought to thee.

Submiſſive to thy mild commands,
We now approach thy gracious throne;
Receive this infant at our hands,
And kindly ſeal him for thine own.

While we baptize him in thy name,
His native guilt and curſe remove;
Diffuſe thy graces through his frame,
And all thy goodneſs let him prove.

As olive branches green and fair,
So to his parents let him be;
But let him not become a ſnare,
To turn away their hearts from thee.

## CCCVI. *Cloſet.*

LORD I from the world retire,
Let the world retire from me;
I poſſeſs a ſtrong deſire,
To commune awhile with thee.

I have buſy been to day,
Buſy with a Martha's heart;
Now I long to get away,
To enjoy a Mary's part.

In this ſecret place thou haſt,
Often eas'd me of my pain;
And a ſenſe of mercies paſt,
Makes me love to come again.

Now thy preſence manifeſt,
Make with me a laſting ſtay;
This will ſooth my ſoul to reſt,
This turn my night to day.

When I to the world repair,
With me, deareſt Saviour, be;
In my various duties there,
Let me ſtill acknowledge thee.

## CCCVII.

*Woman drawing near the Time of Travail.*

LO, the painful hour's at hand;
How ſhall I the trial ſtand?
Can I not ſome promiſe find,
To ſupport my feeble mind.

I ſhall find enough to bear,
Void of all my fruitleſs care;
Jeſus let thy power convey,
Strength proportion'd to my day.

Thou didſt travail once, in birth,
For the wretched ſons of earth;
With temptation thou waſt try'd,
Thou haſt languiſh'd, groan'd, and dy'd.

Let thy travail eaſe my pain,
Raiſe my drooping hopes again;
Timely help do thou afford,
To thy handmaid, deareſt Lord.

Bleſs the child, the parents bleſs,
With thy ſanctifying grace;
One in love, and one in thee,
Deareſt Jeſus let us be.

CCCVIII. *Praiſe for Deliverance in Child-birth*

LO, from the borders of the grave,
Jeſus, thy hand is ſtrong to ſave.
And thou haſt made it bare!
In deep diſtreſs thine handmaid pray'd,
And thou haſt interpos'd thine aid,
In anſwer to her prayer.

Oft was her ſoul depreſs'd with fear,
As the expected hour drew near,
And greatly did ſhe mourn;
But now her gloomy fears depart,
And ſmiling mercy melts her heart,
And former joys return.

Thus favour'd in the time of need,
Her eyes behold her infant ſeed,

And praiſes fill her tongue;
Her huſband of the joy partakes,
And now his happy ſoul awakes,
To join the grateful ſong.

## CCCIX. *Prayer for Children.*

THOU, who a tender parent art,
Regard a parent's plea;
My offspring, with an anxious heart,
I now commend to thee.

My *children* are my greateſt care,
A charge which thou haſt given;
In all thy graces let them ſhare,
And all the joys of heaven.

If a *centurion* could ſucceed,
Who for his *ſervant* cry'd;
Wilt thou refuſe to hear me plead,
For thoſe ſo near ally'd!

On me thou haſt beſtow'd thy grace,
Be to my children kind;
Among thy ſaints give them a place,
And leave not one behind.

Happy we then ſhall live below,
The remnant of our days;
And when to brighter worlds we go,
Shall long reſound thy praiſe.

THE END.

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†‡† The figures refer to the number of the Hymns.


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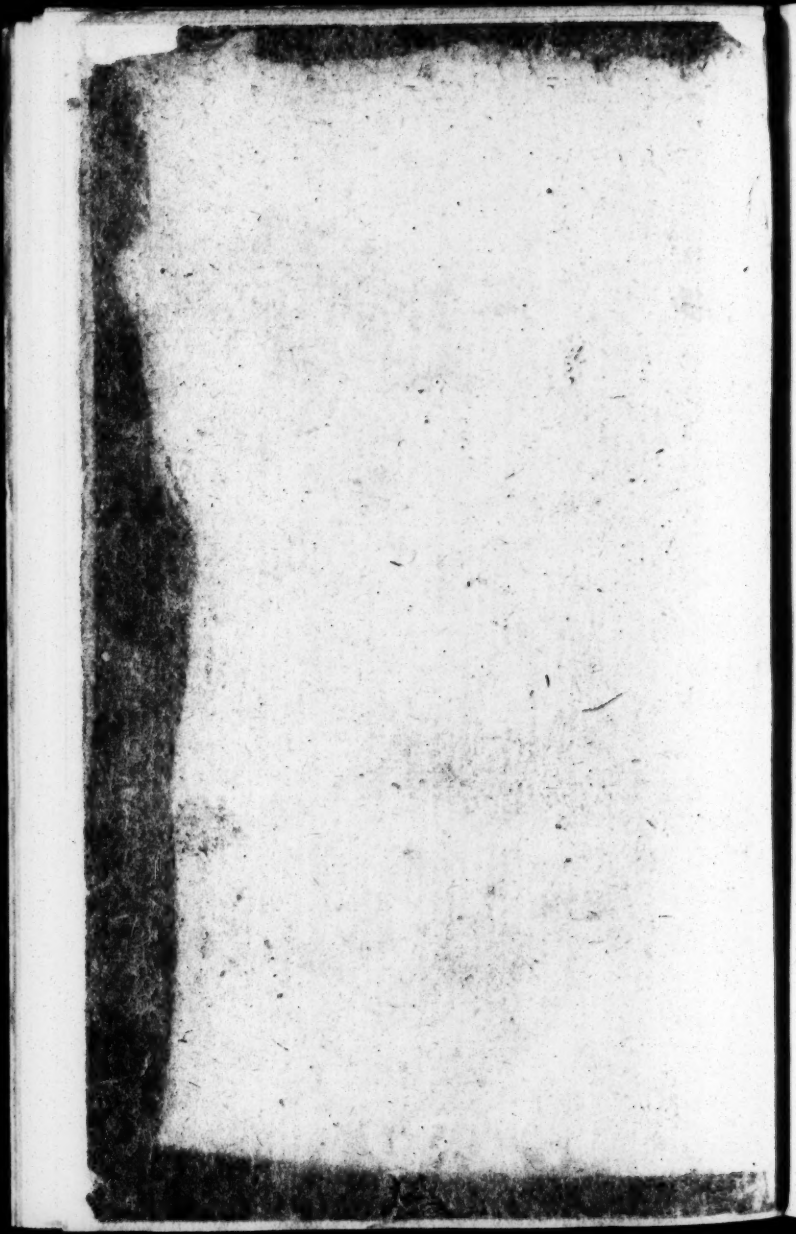
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